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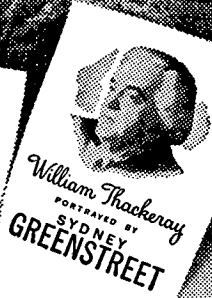
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RELIGIOUS

COLLECTED PAPERS OF EVELYN UNDERHILL, ed. by Lucy Menzies. \$2.75. *Longmans*. Dr. Underhill was one of the greatest Anglo-Catholic philosophers, theologians, and mystics of our time, and also a writer of precision, grace, and power. This posthumous collection of ten of her essays on prayer, religion, and metaphysics is so beautifully written that the legendary man in the street could understand it and profit by it. Dr. Underhill goes straight to the core of art and religion: "Wonder and love—these are great characters of the human spirit. All art is born of them and all religion too." And she has little patience with much of what goes on in the modern church: "It has forgotten its true business—the production of holiness. Holiness; not just consolation, moral uplift or social reform. . . . And the business of religion is . . . to give men eternity, and make them give themselves to eternity—that so, by this resort to the centre, they may integrate their whole existence. . . ."

PEACE OF MIND, by Joshua Loth Liebman. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. In this small yet compact book Dr. Liebman, who is rabbi of Temple Israel, Boston, attempts to offer "instruction in the difficult art of being at peace with ourselves." The two bodies of thinking he chiefly relies on are religion and "dynamic psychology," of which he says that "of all the techniques yet devised for 'looking within' it is the keenest and most revelatory of our true inner nature." He thinks that psychology and religion naturally supplement each other as therapies for the soul. There is good sense in the book, though occasionally it is couched in the style of the pulpit, as for example, "A rich reward awaits the contemplative soul that can commune with itself under the solitary laburnum of thought." There is one chapter, "Grief's Slow Wisdom," which stands out; it offers a real contribution to the understanding of a major philosophical problem.

BIOGRAPHY

GUSTAV MAHLER: *Memories and Letters*, by Alma Mahler. \$5.00. *Viking*. As conductor of the Vienna Opera, the Metropolitan Opera, and the New York Philharmonic, Mahler (1860-1911) was one of the greatest musical interpreters of contemporary history. He also was a distinguished composer — at least two of his symphonies are gaining acceptance as works of the first order. This book by his widow deals mostly with Mahler the man and husband. He emerges from it as the absent-minded conductor-composer of legend, a god to his wife, about two decades his junior, but also a good deal of a trial and a burden. Except for a few lapses, the book is written in tolerable taste — certainly more tolerable than is true of most biographies of the great by their widows. There are several good reproductions of photographs.

AMERICAN DAUGHTER, by Era Bell Thompson. \$3.00. *University of Chicago*. Gay but decorous, this colored girl grew up in the prairies of North Dakota, harvested flax, lost her way in blizzards, acquired a Swedish accent, attended the state university, and gave many a pop-eyed farmer his first sight of a Negro. Both of her feet were planted — precariously — in a white world until she went to Chicago. There she tried to straddle. Miss Thompson tells her story simply, vividly, without rancor or reproach, with restraint and more than a little beauty. A lively narrative and an interesting footnote to the history of America's most difficult minority problem.

THE SAINTS THAT MOVED THE WORLD, by Rene Fülöp-Miller. \$3.50. *Crowell*. This is one of Dr. Fülöp-Miller's better books — it sticks close to the ascertainable facts, it has almost no fictionalizing, and it is written from a mature point of view, to wit, that there is more truth in the world than reason can fathom, and that some of the Christian fathers attained "the ultimate heights of human existence." The five saints he considers are St. Anthony, the Saint of Renunciation, St. Augustine, the Saint of the Intellect, St. Francis, the Saint of Love, St. Ignatius, the Saint of Will Power, and St. Theresa, the Saint of Ecstasy. There is a good bibliography, followed by a really useful index.

(Continued on page 757)

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THE BACKWARDNESS OF NAVY BRASS

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

THE admirals of the United States Navy thus far have defeated President Truman on two important issues. They have stalemated the merger legislation; and when the President, through the Budget Bureau, cut Navy appropriations for 1947 from six billion to four billion dollars, they pressured the two Congressional committees involved, through the massive Navy lobby, to restore the cut. The admirals haven't got their six billion yet, but they are sure enough of it for us to examine their right to so much money and military power.

This brings up the question: should they be allowed to continue in their ancient ways of running things? In other words, should they have the six billion dollars? The answer can be found in the record of a struggle which

raged all during the Second World War. This struggle was and is between our civilian scientists and our professional military leaders. Our scientists not only must develop the new ideas on which our safety will depend, they also have to "sell" the ideas to the military leaders who can implement them. And during the Second World War the sales resistance of the military mind to scientific suggestion was depressingly high.

The admirals, in all truth, had no monopoly on stubborn resistance to change. The generals were stubborn, too; even General H. H. Arnold, chief of the wartime Air Force, resisted the long-range fighter plane until after our awful losses over Schweinfurt. But, as Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, observed in his

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE is author of *The Case Against the Admirals, an indictment of recent Naval policy which has attracted widespread attention since its publication two months ago. He has also written The Fight for Air Power, and a novel, Mud on the Stars.*

memoirs, "Old customs and old practices hang on longer in the Navy than anywhere else."

We are now at a period when our military methods must change rapidly or become useless. The military men who occupy the positions of decision must be super-sensitive to change. So it is not surprising that our scientists are alarmed at the prospect of most of our defense billions being concentrated in the hands of admirals whose foresight has been discredited by events and who, by their records, are likely to resist almost every suggestion of change.

II

One of the key men in the Navy now is Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen, Annapolis '05, who is director of the Navy's Office of Research and Inventions. He's the new-idea and the new-weapons man. So you'd imagine that Admiral Bowen would have the Navy's most alert, inventive and suggestive mind. But here is part of his record.

In June 1940 Bowen was a captain and director of the Naval Research Laboratory. David Griggs, of the Douglas Aircraft Corporation, went to him and proposed the use of merchant flat-tops as a solution for the German submarine problem. Mr. Griggs detailed his plan which, *three years later*, was to prove most effective in neutralizing the submarine. Captain Bowen heard him out, said that it was an interesting notion, and concluded:

"But we don't need any new anti-submarine weapons. We're all set. *Two weeks after the declaration of war our destroyers will have swept the Atlantic clean of submarines!*"

This complacent attitude of Captain Bowen and the rest of the Navy alarmed another competent civilian, Frank Jewett. Mr. Jewett, who is president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, president of the National Academy of Sciences, and a director of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had had anti-submarine experience in World War I. In the summer of 1940, chiefly at his own suggestion, the Navy invited him to analyze the submarine problem. His report was submitted over the signature of one of his associates, Dr. Edwin H. Colpitts, and the report became known as the Colpitts Report.

In it Mr. Jewett and Dr. Colpitts pointed out that the Navy had made distressingly little advance in anti-submarine weapons since World War I. They specifically showed that the lethal radius of the depth charge was not 150 feet, as the Navy and, in particular, Captain Bowen thought, but was more nearly fifteen feet. Moreover, they showed that the course of the depth charge in water was highly erratic, and thus our destroyers would have difficulty in dropping the charge close enough to the enemy sub to destroy it. Finally, they showed that the depth charge, instead of always going down to explode near the enemy sub, frequently leaped back to the surface — unexploded —

in the turbulent wake of a racing destroyer.

The Colpitts Report stressed the point that there had not been a single advance in the design of the depth charge since World War I; it warned that the Navy was deluding both itself and the country by pretending to have an effective anti-submarine weapon which, in fact, was not effective.

The Colpitts Report was sent to Captain Bowen, and he reacted just as the Navy mind, alas, too often reacts. He apparently hid it in a safe and secret place and failed to call his superiors' attention to it. Fortunately, Mr. Jewett was prominent enough to defeat such a tactic. He waited several weeks, then telephoned Captain Bowen that in two days he was lunching with the Secretary of the Navy and that he expected to discuss the Colpitts Report. Captain Bowen must have taken the hint, for the report quickly appeared on the Secretary's desk.

As a result of Mr. Jewett's call on the Secretary, Captain Bowen was removed from his job, and the anti-submarine problem was turned over to that division of the newly-created National Defense Research Committee which was headed by Mr. Jewett.

There is more to the anti-submarine story. The National Defense Research Committee — the NDRC — was, of course, the civilian committee, headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, which developed The Bomb, micro-wave radar, the proximity fuse, and many other devices. The anti-submarine

division, headed by Mr. Jewett, began working at New London and San Diego. Dr. John Tate, head of the Department of Physics at the University of Minnesota, was in direct charge of this work; and he used the facilities of Western Electric, General Electric, Submarine Signal, and Columbia University.

By the summer of 1942 Dr. Tate had various new weapons in production. He was training Navy personnel to operate the new devices, and his graduates were putting to sea to operate the new equipment. But Navy skippers seemed too busy to try the new equipment. Indeed, it would seem that word was being passed from somewhere for the skippers to ignore the new equipment.

Ship after ship would return to port with Dr. Tate's equipment corroded, unused, and not functioning, and with Dr. Tate's trained technicians assigned to other duties. This went on for six months while ship sinkings increased alarmingly. Something had to be done by *civilians*. Dr. Bush presented the problem to Secretary of War Stimson and to President Roosevelt early in 1943; Mr. Stimson, making the strongest representations, asked the President to turn anti-submarine warfare over to the Army since the Navy was failing disastrously, and the Army could not move to Europe until the submarines had been neutralized.

The President acted promptly: the following day the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral King, came to Dr. Bush and asked for suggestions as

to how to handle the problem which had now become extremely grave.

Dr. Bush presented a memorandum which called for the placing of all forces combating the submarines under one command; and for the studied employment of all new devices. Admiral King created the Tenth Fleet with himself in command and with Admiral Lowe as chief-of-staff; and, after coordinating and making full use of all the new devices, he was able to neutralize the submarine menace in less than ninety days.

A Congressional investigation will reveal that for three years the Navy resisted these and other innovations to an almost incredible extent; and it was only after scores of our ships had been lost and defeat was in prospect that the Navy was compelled to adopt the means for victory.

Yet what do you think happened to *Captain* Bowen, the man who was so certain in 1940 that we needed no new anti-submarine devices? He is now *Rear Admiral* Bowen; and, after a war career inspecting Navy purchases, he in 1946 was reinstated as Director of the Office of Research and Inventions! As so often happens in the Navy, he was promoted more or less automatically to keep pace with his Annapolis classmates.

III

The story of the big Landing Ship Tank, one of the war's decisive weapons, is another instance of Navy reluctance and civilian intervention.

Here's how the LST was finally "sold." Admiral Maund of the British Navy had produced sketches of what was called LST(2), and Admiral Mountbatten had decided that the United States should be "sold" on the design. Mr. Churchill agreed with Mountbatten and sent Captain Tom Hussey, of the British Navy, to Washington. Hussey began making the rounds at our Navy Department, and admiral after admiral shook his head.

After Hussey had been refused by the last and most junior admiral, he called on a British friend in Washington and asked: "What do I do now?" The reply was: "You'll have to see Felix Frankfurter."

Hussey went to Frankfurter, and Frankfurter's agile mind grasped the problem at once and saw its urgency. He then took Hussey to Harry Hopkins; Hopkins reacted as Frankfurter had done; and it was Hopkins who beat down the Navy resistance.

Yet in Admiral King's 50,000-word report to the Secretary of the Navy the following year, he claimed that the Navy, with foresight, had produced landing craft when and where needed!

After the LST the most valuable weapon in our amphibious bag was the amphibious truck called the DUKW or "duck." The DUKW had been created by Palmer C. Putnam, the Boston yachtsman-scientist, and Rod Stephens, of Sparkman & Stephens; and Putnam had sold the DUKW to the Army with great difficulty. In January 1943, Putnam, a

member of NDRC, began trying to sell the DUKW to the Navy.

As part of his "sales" effort Putnam put on a demonstration at Norfolk in January 1943 for Vice Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, who was in charge of naval preparations for the Sicilian landings which were scheduled for the following July. The demonstration had DUKW competing in the support of a regimental beach with the Navy's old system of small boats-cargo transfer in the surf-trucks on shore, etc.

A Liberty ship was anchored off the beach. Her forward hatches were discharging cargo into her own small boats — LCMs and LCVPs — and her after hatches into DUKWs. The DUKWs when loaded would drive to the beach, transform themselves into trucks, then deliver their loads to the dump a mile inland at forty miles an hour. It was one swift movement from shipside to dump with no transfer of cargo. The Navy's boats, on the other hand, had to be unloaded by men wading in the cold surf, the cargos transferred to trucks, etc. Some of the boats got stuck and could not retract, men became exhausted in the cold surf, but the DUKWs went busily on. The DUKWs handled from three to five times the cargo per hour that the boats handled, and with much less manpower.

When the demonstration was over Admiral Hewitt turned to his staff and said: "This is like comparing a horse and buggy with a Cadillac. We'll put in at once for 2000 ducks for the Sicily show."

Admiral Hewitt requested his 2000 DUKWs, but he never got them. The Amphibious Section, COMINCH, turned down his request for what amounted to these almost incredible reasons:

1. The Navy had a similar vehicle, the LVT (amtrac) under development. True, it would not be ready for fifteen months, but it would be painted *blue* when it was ready.

2. The NDRC had been so foolish as to allow the DUKWs to be painted khaki.

3. The DUKW had to be returned to the manufacturer to correct a defect in stability.

All of these reasons were ridiculous, of course, and the last was cut from whole cloth. The Army used DUKWs in the Sicilian landings most successfully, and the DUKW became the most useful of all our landing devices. Yet, *five months after Sicily*, in November 1943 the Navy roared into the Tarawa debacle still refusing to employ the DUKW!

At the Quebec Conference Admiral Mountbatten had requested that Mr. Putnam be assigned to help him plan the amphibious assault on the Burma coast. En route to Burma Mr. Putnam was asked to stop at Pearl Harbor and consult on the Tarawa operation which was then about D minus 90 — 90 days before D-Day. He had worked out a doctrine of coordinated amphibious assault in which the LVT and the DUKW each performed its proper role in support of the other.

In a long conference, with Admiral

Spruance in attendance, Mr. Putnam attempted to "sell" this brilliant plan to Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner. Turner denounced the plan.

"Amphibians are not worth a damn!" he roared. "No amphibian can land anywhere a boat can't land!"

Mr. Putnam replied: "Admiral, I am unable to follow that argument."

To which Admiral Turner roared again: "That's not an argument; that's a statement!"

With this remarkable and characteristic conclusion, Admiral Turner strode out of the room; and, three months later, he assaulted Tarawa by the horse-and-buggy methods which the Marines had used years before in the banana republics. A thousand very gallant lads died at Tarawa and two thousand more were maimed. Admiral Turner's boats, which he was so sure could go anywhere an amphibian could go, hung on a reef which an amphibian would have crawled over easily, and the Marines had to wade in in water up to their necks.

Admiral Turner proved to be a man of considerable ability, but thirty years in the Navy system apparently had robbed his mind of all curiosity toward proposed change.

Mr. Putnam's assault plan, which Admiral Turner had ridiculed, was first rehearsed at Milne Bay, New Guinea; a few weeks later, on December 15, 1943, it was employed for the first time at Arawe under General MacArthur's direction; and then it became standard practice for both the Army and Navy.

IV

A term with which every American eventually will become familiar is "guided missile." It's the term applied to all radar-controlled, unmanned flying devices like the German V-2 and the various guided bombs which we developed during the war. Scientists are convinced that guided missiles, in their infancy in the Second World War, will be the decisive weapon of any Third World War.

The first guided missile was developed by the Germans as a weapon with which to destroy the British fleet. When the Germans began employing it in the North Sea in 1940, it was ineffective; but by 1942 they were using it against British ships in the Mediterranean with no little success.

During the week following Pearl Harbor an NDRC scientist worked out with the Radio Corporation of America the functional specifications for a long-range guided missile for use against the Japanese fleet. The scientist also persuaded the Ford Motor Company to undertake the development and manufacture of the missile.

Persuading Ford to develop the missile was no simple task. Henry Ford, because of his previous pacifist leanings, was avoided during the negotiations; and all of the sales talk was directed at Edsel Ford. In the early days of the war the family and associates of Henry Ford hardly dared tell him the extent to which the Ford Motor Company was becoming involved in munitions manufacture.

On Christmas Eve 1941, this scientist had his final session with Edsel Ford at the Ford home; and Mr. Ford agreed to develop the weapon, to train men to handle it, and to deliver trained and armed squadrons to the Pacific fleet within thirteen months. While the two men were conferring, Mr. Henry Ford came into the room to wish a Merry Christmas, and he happened to ask his son what the conference was all about. Nervously, fearing that his father might object, Edsel explained the plans. But, far from objecting, Mr. Henry Ford liked them so well that he cut a buck-and-wing and said: "Go to it!"

But all this work and salesmanship came to naught, because the United States Navy in 1941 didn't see any need for guided missiles; and the Air Force itself also missed the opportunity to move into world leadership in the development of missiles. The big-bomber generals were too busy building their bombers to recognize the weapon which may relegate the big bomber to battleship status.

It was not till 1943 — two years later — that any progress was made in this country on missiles, and the Navy led the way. Curiously, however, the Navy chose to proceed without notifying Dr. Bush's committee. Admiral King allotted 270 million dollars to Navy Project FOX dealing with guided missiles; and Project FOX was a washout. It involved one or two small flat-tops and some Navy drones whose range was only a few

hundred miles. When the task force reported to Admiral Nimitz and he learned how short-ranged it was, he reported that he was unable to give the task force an assignment.

Because both the Navy and the Air Force opposed the guided missile until so late in the war; and because of the error in thinking of the missile for too long as an anti-ship weapon; we lagged far behind the Germans, and we still have much ground to make up.

The difficulty now is that there are four different guided missile programs under way in the United States; and our scientists are alarmed at the prospect of our meager appropriations being dissipated in too many parallel enterprises.

With this record of stubborn resistance to change, of meeting scientific argument with mere "statements," and of refusing to integrate themselves into a unified organization, how can the admirals of the United States Navy expect to keep the confidence of the people of this country? How can they expect to be entrusted with the lion's share of what billions we can afford to spend for our defenses?

President Truman is fighting an epochal battle with the Navy lobby. He is determined to bring the admirals into line; to force them to become members of the team and accept their proper share of our defense appropriations. The President has been beaten thus far, but he has not retired from the struggle.

SOUND TRAPPED BY WIRE

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

SUPPOSE a sound recording of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address had been handed down to posterity. Or Webster's reply to Hayne, Patrick Henry's oration on "Liberty or Death," or Washington's Farewell Address. History would take on a different meaning if we could hear these long-deceased statesmen speak their own words. But while these voices of the dead are gone forever, the famous speeches of those now living may be preserved for generations to come. The political fireworks of the next presidential campaign and the atomic discussions of the future UN meetings may be heard by unborn descendants two or three hundred years away. They will be preserved on a tiny "sound wire" wound around a spool.

Sound recording on wire is another one of those inventions born in peace and brought to maturity by war. The idea was first conceived in 1898 by a Danish scientist named Valdamar Paulson. But it was a young student, Marvin Camras, who developed the idea about four years ago and made it possible henceforth to preserve for centuries the sound of man's voice.

Recording speeches is only one of the many functions which sound wires will soon be performing with breath-taking efficiency.

We have been recording sound on disk records, of course, for a great many years. But wax disks have their limitations. They lose clarity and fidelity with use, and soon wear out. No recording on magnetized wire has shown as yet any deterioration.

The wire recording machine has been made in varying sizes. The size used by the Army and Navy during the war weighed about fifty pounds and got its power from an ordinary wall socket. Its civilian cost will be around \$350. At the opposite extreme is a pocket model of three pounds operated by dry battery. It will cost less than \$100. It is a good contrivance to have in your pocket when someone makes you a promise he expects later to deny.

The machine consists of a magnetic recording head through which a tiny steel wire passes as it unwinds from one spool onto another. Magnetic impulses record voice or other sound on the wire as it unwinds. Later

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these sounds can be played back. It is as easy as that.

Although invented by Marvin Camras, the wire recorder owes its existence equally to the Armour Research Foundation, which poured \$90,000 into the development of canned sound. It has licensed twenty manufacturers to make the recorder and put it on the market. These manufacturers have cooperated with one another to standardize essential features so that a recording made on one manufacturer's machine can be reproduced on another's.

One disadvantage of disk recording is that a record will take only a limited amount of sound. Spilled on a magnetized wire, however, the recording program can be sustained as long as the wire lasts. More than two miles of wire can be wrapped around one spool on present models. This permits a non-stop program of sixty-six minutes. You can listen to an entire symphony on a single spool with no stops for change of records. You can prolong a continuous recording, such as court proceedings, over eight hours, if necessary, by manufacturing a spool of wire long enough for the purpose.

And, unlike the disk recording, the wire record has a perennial durability. The wax disk sooner or later wears out under the continuous scratching of the needle. It is easily ruined or broken. But pour sound onto a magnetized wire and, like Tennyson's babbling brook, it will run on forever. One record made on wire was played back 200,000 times. At the end of the per-

formance it was still as strong, vivid, and beautifully modulated as at the beginning. Unlike the screeching, rip-tearing noise of a worn phonograph record, the 200,000th recording of the wired program showed no loss of clarity or fidelity. It may take a few generations of posterity to learn how long wired sounds will last.

II

During the war the Army and Navy used over 3000 of the fifty-pound models. Although few people knew it at the time, the rumble of combat on burning Saipan was captured on a sound wire. This recording, made for the purpose of military analysis, will eventually be released to civilians.

Already the wire recorder has been placed on the civilian market. It will be put to most use in offices and homes. Many authorities expect it completely to replace the old dictograph machines in business dictation. One of the most attractive features of the wire reproducer is that it can be used over and over again without deterioration. After each session of dictation the wire is demagnetized and ready for more. On one test a wire took 100,000 transmissions without impairment. This resistance to wear will give it tremendous selling appeal. As compared with wax cylinders which have to be "shaved" for re-use, the wire recorder will effect substantial savings.

Furthermore, when you dictate a speech or article, you can go back over the wire record and edit it just as

efficiently as a manuscript. Any slip of the tongue can be erased and the revised wording inserted without affecting the other parts of the wire. The wire recorder requires only a minimum of equipment, skill and care. Immediate play-back is possible. It will record sounds on an extensive scale of pitch and frequency, including whispers, and play them back with remarkable clarity.

The traveling salesman can tuck a three-pound model in his briefcase, dictate his letters on the train and have them ready for a public stenographer at the end of his route.

The sound-coated wire will be of service in reporting and interviewing also. Newspaper reporters frequently encounter the nightmare of having quoted statements denied by those whom they have interviewed. Equipped with pocket recorders, reporters will be protected and accuracy — even to the point of vocal inflections — assured. No prodigious feats of memory, no obtrusive, scribbled notes, just a little automatic device — and copy is verified in every instance.

One of the more spectacular uses of the new instrument will occur in relation to radio. A wire recording unit attached to a radio can catch the listener's favorite programs when he's unable to hear them directly. Suppose, for example, you want to attend church services on Sunday night and don't want to miss Walter Winchell's program at the same hour. You merely set an alarm clock timer which turns on the radio at the proper moment.

Then the recording unit catches the whole broadcast, holding it in store for your later entertainment.

If you would like to preserve the President's voice for your grandchildren, you are saved the difficult task of making an on-the-spot recording. You merely set the sound wire going as the President's words spill out of your radio. Collecting on spooled records the speeches of famous statesmen, diplomats, corporation executives, labor leaders, rabble rousers and whirlwind evangelists will make an unusual hobby, just as interesting as collecting autographs and a lot less bothersome to the celebrity. A recording attachment to a radio will probably cost around \$75.

You can capture the baby's first babblings and play them back to him when he graduates from college. You can record his remarks at every stage of his growing life and build up a continuous personal history for years to come.

III

There is little doubt that the wire recorder can do much to speed up education. College students can bring home from their classes a verbatim record of the instructor's lecture and later play it back to themselves as often as necessary to absorb its substance. A person either in or out of college can learn a new language with a series of carefully prepared lessons planned especially for recorded teaching. By this method, one can easily

learn a foreign language at home and achieve a striking fidelity of pronunciation. By playing a word or sentence over and over, the proper accent can be acquired more easily than in hurried classroom instruction.

Factories will use the new technique for job training and to check irregularities in machine operation. By listening repeatedly to records of machine sounds, an expert can detect any sound that may indicate a defective mechanism — and thus remedy the trouble before an expensive breakdown occurs.

If wire recording lives up to the hopes of its promoters, it will take the place of many other recording agencies. Court proceedings which are now taken down in laborious shorthand and later transcribed can be recorded in sound. The records could be transcribed, if necessary, so that the typed transcription may be used wherever it is more convenient than the sound recording. But the recording itself would constitute an exact reproduction of the court proceedings; crucial evidence would not be jeopardized by errors resulting from shorthand notes. This will assume special importance in depositions, affidavits, etc., that are frequently used as evidence in trials.

In the same way, sound recording can be employed at all board-room meetings of corporation directors, labor-management conferences, committee hearings and other important consultations. No stenographers or even newspaper reporters need be present. The wire record itself will tell the whole story.

County agents will use it in their interviews with farmers, to say nothing of insurance claim adjusters and warrant officers making arrests. Nebraska is one state which expects its county agents to put the device to work.

It goes without saying that the debates of important political conferences will be wired down for current and future public consumption — except, of course, those that must necessarily be secret. The San Francisco meeting of the United Nations delegates was wire recorded, word for word, from start to finish. Every future meeting of UNO will undoubtedly be preserved by this method. The practice will extend down through national conventions of political parties, trade organizations, churches and welfare movements.

In short, man's voice, as well as his written word, can now echo down the ages.



*M*ODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of virtues.
— THOMAS FULLER

ERNEST BEVIN

By DENIS PLIMMER

LAST January when the Security Council was discussing thorny questions relating to Iran, Greece, and Indonesia, Britain's ponderous Ernie Bevin banged his fist on the table so hard and shouted so loud that he actually provoked the Soviet's calm, icy Andrei Vishinsky to countermeasures. Correspondents and officials thereupon threw up their hands, said once more that Bevin just wasn't a diplomat, and wondered wistfully if His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs would ever acquire the traditional Whitehall polish always associated with British diplomacy. But they must have known in their hearts that you can't take a rough, tough old labor leader from the Bristol docks and make him into an impeccable, suave Anthony Eden. And they also must have known something else: that while Eden was trusted and liked by international diplomats, Bevin is trusted and liked by his own people, the rank and file of Britain's thirty million or more workers. And that is all that matters to him.

As long as "his lads" believe in him, he doesn't give a hoot in hell about protocol. And the immemorial customs found in the classic purlieus of the Foreign Office will change before this stormy petrel alters one jot or tittle of his way of doing things. You can find the clue in what Bevin says about his early days, hunting work on the cold, wet cobbles of Bristol: "You took what was going. You got a job and you lost it, and then you picked up something else and made do with whatever came along."

That's Bevin all over. Through a lifetime of hard work and phenomenal success, first as a labor leader, then as a statesman, he "made do" from hour to hour and day to day. There was no time for polish. Often this short, globe-shaped man improvised, always he plunged headfirst into his problems with all the finesse of a bull in a china shop. He earned plenty of brickbats that way, he received some sharp criticism, he made enemies, but he got things done. And in the end, though he didn't follow the precepts

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of Dale Carnegie, nevertheless he made a lot of friends and influenced a lot of people. He is still doing so.

As for the final failure or success of his unorthodox methods, we must wait for history to give us the answer. Bevin himself is not looking farther ahead than is immediately necessary. After the highly doubtful results of the foreign ministers' conclave in Moscow last December, he said with the cynicism of a man who has had his ups and downs: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And the words summed up his life. You set a goal, you worked from dawn to dusk, you slept. Sufficient unto the day . . .

Ernest Bevin became a statesman on Tuesday morning, May 4, 1940, when he accepted the portfolio of Labor and Supply in Winston Churchill's new coalition government. He had never held public office before, but he was anything but unknown to the British public. For up to May 4 he had bossed the giant Transport and General Workers' Union from his desk in Transport House, London, and thus was the most powerful labor leader in Britain, perhaps in the world.

When Churchill's invitation came to Bevin a few days earlier, the Labor Party was in convention at Bournemouth, an English seaside town. Labor was enraged at the ineptitude of the Chamberlain government, and Bevin with his bull-throated roar had done as much as anyone save, perhaps, Adolf Hitler, to blast Chamberlain

out of Number Ten, Downing Street. In a speech at Stoke-on-Trent, he had likened Britain to a mighty but aging champion of the ring who had won so many bouts that he demanded loftily: "Who is this young challenger? I can knock him out in my own time!" — only to discover that the young challenger was about to win the match. Bevin had gone on to say: "The British working class want this war won. They know what is at stake. Their liberty. They want a government that is going to place their nation before its own friends and private interests." And like a trumpet call he had bellowed what was to become Labor's war cry: "Give 'Itler 'Ell!"

What followed was lightning-swift. Hitler's armies plunged through western Europe, the Chamberlain regime crashed, Churchill took over, and Bevin joined the government. But he joined with a proviso: "I hope the War Cabinet will not allow vested interests, profits, or anything else to stand in the way of maximum production. If this is the policy of the government, I will ask my people to work like 'ell to save the lives of our lads."

It was, he did, and they did.

Bevin operated his first government office with a brutal but triumphant efficiency. All his life he had fought for the rights of labor. Now, in a few days of feverish activity in the Ministry, he charted a course which would scrap those gains. Overboard went shorter hours, the right to strike, the right to choose one's job. When

Bevin was through, it was said that he could walk into the dingiest pub in the East End of London or the swank bar at Claridge's, and ask the first man he saw: "What are you doing to win the war?" If the answer was not satisfactory, he could then say: "Report at seven tomorrow morning to your Labor Exchange for a pick-and-shovel job." And the order would have to be obeyed.

Britain's swollen labor ranks continued under that iron discipline until the war was won. They are still under many wartime controls and will remain so until the peace is properly secured and Britain is, financially, on her feet again.

II

Ernest Bevin was born in the hamlet of Winsford in Somersetshire, March 9, 1881. His parents were poor farming people who died before Bevin was eight. After a short stay with an aunt where he picked up the only formal schooling he was ever to enjoy, young Ernie struck out into the world alone. At the age of ten, he got a job on a farm as a hired hand. The salary was sixpence (then about twelve cents) a week. He lost his job when he asked for a raise, but picked up another on a nearby farm at a shilling a week.

The country, however, didn't suit his restless spirit, so he went to the nearest city — the smoky, noisy port of Bristol. There he won and lost a succession of jobs, including those of shop assistant, tram conductor, and

page boy in a restaurant. In 1908, he got his first taste of unionism when he helped to organize Bristol's unemployed. He stuck to this unpaid task until he entered unionism professionally. This was accomplished by throwing his political opponent for a city office into the River Avon, which roused Bristol's sober burgesses against him. They marked him down as a firebrand, and saw to it that he lost the election. But if he missed one job, he got another.

Hard-hitting union boss Ben Tillet heard of the young man who could use his fists as well as his brain, and offered him a minor post as a dockers' union official. Bevin took it, and between the two, the first amalgamation of all British dockers' unions took place. That was in 1912. Ten years later, Ernie had succeeded in amalgamating unions of various types into the biggest workers' association in England, the Transport and General Workers' Union with more than one million members.

Through these busy years, Bevin had many successes and failures. One of his most notable successes was in 1920 when he fought for the dockers before a government commission. The issue was a raise in pay and some system of assuring continuity of employment for a class of men whose work had hitherto been on a catch-as-catch-can basis, depending on the arrival or departure of ships.

Bevin heard all the opposition's evidence, then rose and blasted it out the window with a sledge hammer

speech lasting eleven hours. At the conclusion, he opened a tiny package and exhibited its pitiful contents to the commissioners. "That's what a docker gets to eat," he roared. "Could you gentlemen live on bread, margarine, and tea?"

He won the case.

But defeat came in 1926 with the famous General Strike, the greatest mass walkout in British labor history. Conservative and much middle-class opinion condemned the strike, and pitched battles were frequent, even in the streets of London. The strike began when the coal miners protested against wage reductions. The rest of labor walked out in sympathy and tied up the entire country. But Bevin knew that they couldn't hold out long. There had been little preparation for a movement of such magnitude. Strike funds were very low. Eventually, a deal was made with the opposition which accepted the wage reductions; the only questionable advantage was a vague promise that the coal industry would be reorganized. On May 12, the nine-day strike ended and when the news reached the coal fields that afternoon, miners joyfully assumed that Bevin had won their fight for them. When they learned the tragic truth, no word in their vocabulary was bad enough for the ponderous labor boss. They continued their strike alone, unsupported, for another bitter six months, but to no avail.

That was perhaps the lowest point in Bevin's career. As recently as 1940,

I heard grizzled miners say bitterly that no good would come of making Bevin a Cabinet Minister. "He betrayed the miners in '26 and he'll betray the whole working class now if he gets the chance."

That, of course, was emotional and unfair. No one was more grieved than Bevin himself when the General Strike turned out to be a fiasco. But the hungry miners were in no mood to extend their sympathy to the future lord of Transport House. They had enough to worry about themselves. As to whether Bevin would ever betray the whole working class, the only answer is that, despite dire and repeated predictions by both the Right and the extreme Left, he hasn't done so yet.

The extreme Left distrusts Bevin because of three things. One is his violent antipathy towards communism and, by extension, towards the USSR. Another is that during the 1930's, Bevin immured himself in Transport House, called no strikes, and therefore was said to be resting on his past laurels and even turning conservative, as did Ramsay MacDonald in what Laborite England still calls The Great Betrayal. The third reason is that Bevin as an individual is extremely secretive, self-willed, and inaccessible. That, coupled with his dictatorial nature, has provoked the suspicion that he entertains hopes of ruling all England eventually through his iron control of labor. Those whose god is Laski rather than Bevin coined a saying during the 1930's: "In Eng-

land, everyone drives on the left except Bevin's Laborites." This was a willful distortion of the facts, but it did weaken his position as one of the Party's leaders.

Today, with Labor in power and struggling to put England back on her feet, it seems unlikely that failure would lead to a rightward swing. But it is possible that in another election the Labor Party would split into a left wing and a right wing, the latter to be headed by Bevin. In a sense, the split would be his fault because his positive leadership brooks no contradiction and he lacks the political experience and the flexibility to allow for the absorption of an active left group.

Bevin dislikes the left-wingers with all his heart, distrusts their half-hidden alliance with communism, and lets them know it. Where a Franklin Roosevelt would have maneuvered adroitly by making minor concessions to keep the opposition in his camp, the monolithic Bevin yields no ground and says in effect: "Take it or leave it."

The extent to which that challenge may be met in the future by party extremists will probably be measured by the success of the present government in getting trade started and in obtaining for the British people some modicum of postwar comfort. A touchstone may be the success or failure of the government's housing program. War damage cost England one house in every three, and the situation is desperate.

III

That Bevin's personal ambitions are vaulting, few who know him would deny, and that has been used in attempts to undermine his popularity. Despite his oft-repeated assertions that he has no political aims, observers recall that, in addition to running for the Bristol City Council as a young man, he also ran unsuccessfully for Parliament twice; that when the General Election of 1945 loomed he expressed his desire to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that there was no noticeable despondency in his bearing when he accepted the even more important portfolio of Foreign Affairs.

That being so, what is his next step?

I have talked to numerous British officials about the chances of a Cabinet reshuffle in London soon. They all agree that, should improvements come too slowly, Labor's first move would be to realign the government. And they also agree that a likely shift would be for Prime Minister Attlee, colorless and courteous, to turn over his Downing Street keys to the colorful and discourteous Bevin.

Would Bevin accept them, and with them, the highest post in the land? It is significant that he made no attempt to retain his post as head of the Transport and General Worker's Union beyond the Union's retirement age, which he reached March 9. His easy farewell to Transport House conveniently cleared the way to Downing Street. I have not met any-

one who thought he would refuse the prime ministership. They say that an analysis of Bevin's career reveals he never takes a backward step in his personal fortunes if he can help it, and never surrenders authority, once he has acquired it. In that, of course, he resembles every other politician who ever lived. But it is not the nature of a self-effacing and humble servant of the people. The characteristic is, rather, of the master than of the servant.

But if Bevin as a politician is as opportunistic as the next man, his sincerity in believing that he is a force for good has never seriously been questioned. Consider, for example, his motivation in his dealings with Russia. First, he grew up in a rough school; no holds were barred in the old days. Now, international statesmanship has become an even rougher school, and as Bevin learned in the past, when you're playing rough, only a straightforward attitude will have any long-term value. A more passive attitude towards the Soviet Union after he became Foreign Minister might have won him some friends on the extreme left. But Bevin knew that sooner or later, probably by means of UN, a showdown would have to come, at which time a muddled policy would produce only confusion and point up a lack of dignity. So he spoke bluntly, and probably contributed more to clearing the air of international misunderstanding than a more tactful negotiator would have. But his stand has not been to

protect any old school tie privilege. He has attacked privilege all his life. His anti-Soviet stand is merely intended to eliminate the clouds of hypocrisy which now divide Russia from the Western democracies. And that, he is sure, is for the eventual good of all.

His sincerity can be seen in his championing of the aim of eventual world federation, achieved through a merging of sovereignty. He revealed his stand on that subject in a masterly address to Commons on November 23, 1945, and he has been plugging away ever since. The Russians have called his federation idea "reactionary," but it is noteworthy that the opening of UN in London last January brought him the indirect support of U. S. Delegate Eleanor Roosevelt, who has certainly never been known for her anti-Soviet bias.

The truth is that Bevin is the world's foremost champion of the working classes everywhere. He led the Laborites away from appeasement in 1935 because he saw in the spread of totalitarianism the supreme threat to the workers of all nations. He embraces world federation today because, in an atomic age, he sees federation as the only way in which the common man in every country can directly influence world affairs.

He refuses to confuse sympathy with the common man with sympathy toward the Soviet Union. The two are not, he believes, synonymous, as many declare. He believes that, in the field of international relations,

Russia is just one more great power with her own personal axe to grind, and as long as axe-grinding is to be the rule of the day, then Bevin's particular axe will be of Sheffield steel.

But that does not mean that he is anti-Soviet in the sense that he would cripple the Russian government if he could. He wants to cripple no governments. He wants to merge them in a final world union which would organize economy on a global basis and thus bring the four freedoms at last within the reach of plain people everywhere. He has expressed this many times and in many ways. Once in the watches of a fire-flecked night he wrote:

"International labor, international

economies and international commonwealth will have new meanings at the end of this war. People will be less concerned about mere sovereignty but rather about free political institutions, economic advancement, and the standard of living. . . . There can be no spectacular victory. . . . What matters is the saving of our souls. . . . We want a great spiritual urge that says: 'No one shall impose a finality upon the progress of the human mind.' . . . I have faith in democracy and its ability to carry us through. I believe it is the right form of government. . . . I do not want to have to worship a man or a system. I prefer the words of the poet: *'God, give us no more giants; raise, elevate the people. . . .'*"



SMALL DISSENTER

By B. Y. WILLIAMS

THE years leave wisdom
As they go —
Now my mind is sure
And I very well know
That the branches wave
When the great winds blow.

But my stubborn heart
Remains a slave
To a treasured fancy
Childhood gave:
That the great winds blow
When the branches wave.

IS RADIO POLITICALLY IMPARTIAL?

BY ROLF KALTENBORN

RADIO is our most powerful political weapon. Yet if the democratic process is to function properly radio must not become the mouthpiece of the dominant political party. Congressmen who drafted radio legislation were well aware of its potentialities as an instrument of political persuasion. That is why they tried to legislate against partisan control and provided that during campaigns candidates for public office are entitled to equal radio time. But there is no provision in the radio law which compels broadcasters to present balanced discussions of controversial issues between elections, and it's a long time between elections. In that interim, the responsibility of balancing political discussion rests exclusively with station owners.

One thing is clear from the record. Representatives of the party in power get the lion's share of radio time devoted to political discussion. Here is how the National Broadcasting Company, which has the largest radio audience, balanced the political scale in 1945. During the year, fifty-six Democratic congressmen and governors

and sixty-three members of the administration were given radio time. During the same period only forty-seven Republican congressmen and governors got on the air. It was doubtless with these facts in mind that the new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Carroll Reece, said recently, "Radio has helped to perpetuate the present administration in power. When there were definite policies to put over, the various government agencies turned to radio."

Back in 1936 the Republicans protested loudly against the repeated national hookups arranged for the late President Roosevelt. Their protest was answered by William S. Paley, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who said, "I am glad to answer your question as to whether or not the time we allotted for the President's speech was a donation to a political party. It certainly was not. It was a donation to the American people. It has always been our policy to make time available for the President of the United States when he wishes to address the nation. We followed this

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policy through two Republican administrations, and we will follow it now." It is the general policy of radio executives to give time to the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet whenever it is asked for. This is considered in the public interest.

If, as Thomas Jefferson has said, "The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable that it should always be kept alive," it would seem to be in the best interest of the American public if radio made another "donation"—this time to the opposition party. But is equal time at an equally good hour automatically given to the opposition?

It is not. Radio executives assume that access to the air waves is a natural prerogative of public office. Time and again microphones are turned over to national, state or local administration leaders. The opposition has the right to demand time for reply only if broadcasters interpret the remarks of an administration spokesman as having been controversial. Most administration speeches are regarded as informational rather than controversial. For example: throughout 1945 Chester Bowles, then Price Administrator, spoke once a week over the American Broadcasting System to inform the public about price regulation, the activities of the O.P.A., and other administration efforts to check inflation. One looks in vain for a similar series by any party or group opposed to administration ideas. When questioned about this, the

Public Service Director of the network said, "I see nothing controversial about inflation. We are all agreed that it must be prevented."

While we may all be agreed that inflation should be prevented, the administration and the majority of the Republicans certainly do not agree on just how it should be prevented. If the American public is to be fully informed on the dangers of inflation it would be best to donate equal time to the opposition to discuss its views. If Republicans endorsed Mr. Bowles' activities, the administration's fight against inflation would be so much stronger. If they disagreed, the public would certainly profit by learning something about possible alternatives to administration policy.

II

The closer one looks at the networks' performance, the greater the favoritism to "official" spokesmen appears. The list of prominent figures who gave special talks over the American Broadcasting System during the last three months of 1945 includes President Harry Truman (who spoke five times), Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson, Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson, Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, and John W. Snyder, Director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. Represent-

ative leaders of the opposition are not to be found on this list. Nowhere was equal time at a comparable hour given to them to speak on foreign policies, reconversion, financial policy, labor or agriculture. Surely the public would be more aware of public issues if *equal* time had been given to the opposition to endorse or criticize government policies. Present broadcast practice does not provide for regular *responsible* criticism of public policies from official representatives of the opposition party.

For more than a year representatives of the State Department have been participating in a weekly half hour N.B.C. program entitled *Our Foreign Policy*. There is little doubt that the public wants and needs more information about our foreign policy. However, the people would be better served if the participants on this program were not primarily administration spokesmen.

"It is our idea," says N.B.C., "to put on the men who are executing our foreign policy so that they may explain it." Certainly the men who execute a policy are most competent to explain it but they are not always the best persons to provide us with an objective analysis of their policies. N.B.C. might, for example, present an equally interesting series on foreign policy without using a single administration spokesman. There are those who believe that Americans must show no difference of opinion on foreign policy. Our strength, it is claimed, lies in unity. But that unity

would be presented more effectively if leaders of both the ins and the outs joined equally in explaining and endorsing it.

Present broadcast policy naturally takes no account of the fact that administration leaders advertise themselves and their views whenever they go on the air. For instance, during 1945 listeners to the Mutual Broadcasting System were treated to many special programs. The ceremonies attendant on the launching of the hundredth ship from the Butler Shipyards in Superior, Wisconsin, featured an address by Secretary of Labor Schwollenbach. A special Labor Day program gave him a second opportunity to speak on the air. His third appearance over this same network was his speech at a dinner sponsored by the National Lawyers Guild. Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal launched the *U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt* with a radio speech. Chester Bowles was guest speaker at the Ohio State Grange. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., was on the air at a Washington Birthday Dinner and at various War Bond rallies. A testimonial dinner for Henry A. Wallace gave him a chance to talk. National Farm Safety Week featured a talk by Secretary of Agriculture Anderson. Former Postmaster General Walker presided over Memorial Day ceremonies. Philippine Independence Day was highlighted by the radio address of Paul McNutt.

No one will deny that these occasions make for good, topical broad-

casting. No one will deny either that repeated radio appearances by administration leaders make a tremendous impact on the listening public. Names and personalities become increasingly familiar — which means that they have increasing political value. The opposition has no such opportunity to build up its stars. The late President Roosevelt, even before his second term, was the best known figure in American politics. It is very likely that radio was more responsible for this than any other single factor. He spoke more than 300 times over major networks while he was President. If members of the opposition are to become well known figures to the radio public, each fireside chat that is not entirely informational should have a counterpart. And at least some ceremonial occasions should feature the outs as well as the ins.

III

Some circles assert it is only fair that the Democrats at present should dominate radio because the Republicans dominate the press. It might be answered here that two wrongs do not make a right. It is more pertinent, however, to point out that should the Republicans win the election in 1948 they would be able, as things stand now, to dominate both of these vital channels of communication.

Even when equal time is provided, equally *good* time often is not. James F. Byrnes spoke on October 5, 1945, over the Columbia Broadcasting Sys-

tem. The next evening John Foster Dulles made a speech over C.B.S. entitled "A Republican Speaks on the London Conference." On the surface it would appear that both the Republicans and Democrats had equal opportunity to report their reactions to this conference. It should be noted, however, that Secretary Byrnes was given a half hour on Friday night at a time when the listening audience is at its peak. Mr. Dulles was given fifteen minutes at 10:45 on Saturday night, the poorest radio night in the week. It is interesting to note that a commercially sponsored program was cancelled to present Mr. Byrnes, which means his talk had a guaranteed network throughout the country. Mr. Dulles was not so fortunate. His speech was merely "made available" and consequently had no guaranteed network. Local stations could take it or leave it. If it was the intention of C.B.S. in this instance to put before the listening public the viewpoints of both parties on the London Conference, each speaker should have been accorded an equally good radio time and been guaranteed an equally large area coverage.

Balancing radio time between the ins and the outs is a problem which also confronts radio officials in other countries. Recently in Sweden the Minister of Finance appeared briefly on an entertainment program to explain to the citizens how to fill out income tax reports. His appearance caused a storm of protest. The four opposition political parties demanded

time on the air, claiming that they too were entitled to explain how to fill out an income tax blank. In Sweden the holding of public office does not imply any special right to time on the air. Can it be that the Swedes are more astute and fair in this matter than we?

Some may object that an open door policy on the airwaves would admit small, dissident groups to an equal footing with important spokesmen. If our radio officials would automatically give equal time to the major opposition party each time the administration speaks, they ask, why shouldn't the Communist, Socialist, and other small parties be allotted equal time? It is generally agreed that ours is a two-party country. The Communists and Socialists do get time on the air on forum and discussion programs. Until they can command voting strength more comparable to that of the two major parties, however, they cannot expect equal access to the air. But just

because universal equality of the air is not feasible, equal time should not be denied the major opposition party.

The issue is not primarily one of free speech on the air. According to the best available evidence, once a political figure gets on the air he is free to say pretty much what he pleases. The most important problem concerns *equal access* to the radio facilities of this country.

When the Democrats came to office in 1933 the broadcasters abandoned even a pretence to impartiality in politics. The reason for this, in the candid words of one of their spokesmen, was partly "the hope of currying favor, and partly because we were misled by an excess of zeal, based on the oft-repeated statement that we were in the midst of an emergency . . ."

The tendency of broadcasters to surrender their scruples and yield to the excitement of the hour poses a real threat to the democratic process.



The Heroism of Peace —

The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice. If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid it is a sham, and the peace will be base. War is better, and the peace will be broken. If peace is to be maintained it must be by brave men who have come up to the same height as the hero, namely, the will to carry their life in their hand and stake it at any instant for their principle, but who have gone one step beyond the hero and will not seek another man's life — men who have, by their intellectual insight or else by their moral elevation, attained such a perception of their own, intrinsic worth that they do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved by such dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Miscellanies*

LABOR AND THE LAW

BY JUDGE JOHN C. KNOX

In this article an eminent federal jurist offers a solution for the strike problem that merits the attention of all American men and women, and will doubtless arouse great controversy. In the July issue Judge Knox's proposal will be critically analyzed by Louis Waldman, the distinguished labor lawyer. — THE EDITORS

IT MUST be obvious that labor relations stand high on the list of national problems that demand solution. But the subject has become so involved, and most politicians have come to be so fearful of the real or fancied power of organized labor, that we are being offered little constructive political leadership in this field. Neither major political party has proposed any sound, disinterested solution, and most of the minor parties are either special pleaders or are themselves interested groups whose arguments are highly suspect.

It consequently seems to me that the solution of the problem is primarily up to the people of the United States. Furthermore, I am convinced that they should decide it in their own great interest — not in the narrower interest of capital or labor, of politicians or of pressure groups.

It is with this primarily in mind that I respond to a suggestion of THE

AMERICAN MERCURY that I set down my ideas for a solution of the labor problem, realizing, as I do, that unless some constructive solution be soon evolved and adopted the American people are likely to rise up in their righteous wrath, and demand legislation so heavily restrictive that, while it may properly control and even punish the more irresponsible among labor's leaders, is likely to hit responsible leaders as well, and may even deprive labor itself of certain rights and privileges that should be retained.

So filled with feeling — with prejudice, fear, and selfishness — has the subject of labor relations come to be, that it is almost compulsory, these days, for any person who dares to discuss it, to introduce his remarks by pointing out that he is not anti-labor. And because a somewhat standardized preliminary statement seems to be expected, if not actually required, I hereby offer it, as follows:

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1. I believe in labor unions, which have greatly aided the American working man in improving his economic position.

2. I believe that labor should invariably be in a position to deal with management on equal terms.

3. I believe that the rights of labor are fully as great and as vital as are those of management.

4. I believe that the just rights of labor should at all times be maintained.

5. I believe that most American working men are sincere in their desire to maintain the American system.

6. It is obvious that both employers and employes are human, and are therefore fallible.

With that much clear, I hope that it is plain that I am not one who is bent on depriving labor — organized or unorganized — of any part of the proper gains it has made, that, in fact, my desire is to aid labor to even better things, while at the same time maintaining to the full the fundamental rights and privileges that, under our system, must be maintained for the protection of the people as a whole. It even seems to me that certain over-enthusiastic “friends” of labor should also carry this point in mind, for though the people of this vast land of ours are apt to be long-suffering and overly willing to accede to demands made upon them, they have frequently demonstrated how overwhelmingly powerful they can be — and even how harsh — when, after long periods of provocation, they have

risen in their anger and turned on certain of their tormentors. A current illustration, although a minor one, is what has recently happened to Petrillo and his musicians.

I can imagine that the average newspaper reader who is otherwise unacquainted with the labor problem, may be under the impression that it has come to be enormously complicated. That, however, is far from true. Complex though it frequently appears to be, there is nothing complicated about it when it is reduced to its basic essence. In fact, the whole thing boils down, in the last analysis, to nothing more than three points:

1. Justice to labor.
2. Justice to management.
3. Justice to the public.

I believe that every reasonable person must agree that these points are basic. I believe, also, that methods now in use too often fail to bring real justice to any of the three interested groups, and, where strikes are called, never assure it in advance.

It is because of this that I have proposed that disputes between labor and management, and even between labor groups themselves, be settled peaceably in courts of law, rather than by battle.

II

To me, at least, this suggestion seems so reasonable and desirable that I sometimes wonder why it did not develop naturally as the American sys-

tem grew. But it did not do so, and nowadays my mere suggestion that labor be held responsible under the law for its actions, as all other individuals and groups expect to be, has been received, in certain quarters, with astonishment, questionings, and doubt.

"Justice under the law is fine as a concept," some seem to say. "But how can even-handed justice ever prevail in this difficult field?"

It must be reasonably clear, of course, that justice to all those concerned all too rarely prevails under the methods now in use. Furthermore, I believe that no system of law and justice ever developed in the history of the world surpasses in impartiality and fairness that which has been developed under the Constitution and in the courts of the United States.

It follows, then, if we wish to have justice prevail in the settlement of labor disputes — and no person is likely to say that justice should *not* — that we should look for that justice to the courts of our land, whose single duty it is impartially to find and apply it.

I do *not* believe, however, that separate labor courts should be set up to hear labor cases. The existence of such courts could not fail to bring about an effort on the part of both capital and labor to influence or control the appointment of the judges who would sit on those benches. That, in turn, would bring about, promptly or ultimately, a degeneration of the

courts themselves, which would prove disastrous to the welfare of everyone concerned, and might even injure the standing of our other courts as well.

Instead of this, it seems clear to me that the courts already established should have their jurisdictions broadened by appropriate legislation so that such cases as affect labor and management could be heard before them. In other words, these duties should be handled under established procedures in somewhat the same manner as cases of all other types are now handled. And if this suggestion were followed, I firmly believe that both capital and labor would soon come to accept this method with confidence and respect. Furthermore, our country would thereby be relieved of the economic and social losses that now are so frequently suffered by both contenders and by the public.

I realize that there are those who will contend that no court is capable of justly deciding matters so complicated. But no one adequately acquainted with court methods will hold any such belief. Our courts are constantly deciding controversies quite as intricate and involved as any that are at issue in labor disputes. In fact, Judge Robert N. Wilkin, U. S. District Judge for the Northern District of Ohio, says that "the judgments of such a court, with all the available data regarding costs of living and prices of materials and labor, could be more scientific and exact than the judgments we render in our courts for loss of life and limb." Furthermore,

in expressing himself in favor of this widening of the duties of our courts, he quite properly contends that "the right to do collective bargaining should not become a license to infringe upon the public weal."

There is, incidentally, an additional advantage offered by such legal decisions as I have in mind: The litigants would understand that each such decision would mean what it said, and that it was to be obeyed. The result would be that the peace, order, and security of the community would at all times be maintained, while the just rights of both contenders would be recognized and protected. And these matters are vital, for if this country is to thrive and prosper — if it is to remain free and happy — if the integrity of its government is to continue, a means must be devised whereby labor, capital, and the public may each maintain its rights while living in peace.

I know that some labor leaders may fear to bring their cases before our courts of law. But, except where their fear is based upon a consciousness that they are in the wrong, it cannot be made too plain that it is not our courts they need fear — it is, instead, the laws that an aroused public seems likely to demand in order that labor and labor leaders — yes, and even labor's legitimate gains — may be controlled, restricted, or restrained.

On the other hand, there are many questions that may very well be asked, and insofar as they are asked sincerely they deserve sincere replies.

It may be asked, for instance, whether or not my suggestion means that arbitration in labor disputes would be compulsory, or, if not that, how the proposed method differs from arbitration, mediation, and conciliation.

III

Arbitration, mediation, and conciliation, as those terms are now understood, need in no way be affected by what I propose. If, by any such means, workers and employers maintain satisfactory relations it must be obvious that there is no reason to take anything to court. If, on the other hand, one side or the other — or even the public, if its interests were adversely affected to any considerable degree — were to take a labor dispute to court, it would no longer be a matter for arbitration. It would then have to be decided according to such laws as had been placed on the statute books. And the decision of the courts, having the weight of law, would be enforced, if necessary, by the constituted authority.

Those who think primarily of labor organizations, rather than of working men, might ask, at this point, what purpose a union would serve if labor were thus put under the law. Or they might wonder whether or not the law would so protect the individual against the power of the employer as to make unions unnecessary.

A little thought will show, I believe, that the suggestion I make need not affect the existence of unions in the

slightest. There would still be great need for them, for it must be obvious that labor should have effective organizations working to further their proper ends. Unions would still be faced with that duty, and would properly continue to work for the advantage of labor. Obviously, individual working men would be unable to accomplish much in that field, and unions would therefore continue to be as vital under the suggestion I make as they are now. It would be their task to assert and vindicate the rights of labor. They would still fight labor's battles, but they would do so under the law.

Some folk, of course, may wonder how the decisions of the courts would be enforced if they proved to be unpopular among large labor groups.

The answer to that is relatively simple. No one — not even a union — has the right to defy a valid court order. Decisions could be appealed to higher courts, and some no doubt would be, up to the Supreme Court itself. But our courts speak with authority — authority that is enforceable, and, in the end, any decision not reversed by a higher court, or not modified by it, would be final. If any group of men, under such conditions, cared to strike, the employer would have to be protected by constituted authority in his right to replace them with others willing to work.

But, some may ask, would this not mean that labor would be deprived of the right to strike?

At present, labor is the sole judge as to whether or not it has a sufficient cause to call a strike. But it should be accepted as an axiom that no one has the right to be the sole judge of his actions if they may result in serious injury to others.

Under the proposal I make, partiality would give way to impartiality, and having had created for it a better method of attaining its just ends, labor would thereby have lost the *necessity* for strikes. The *right* to strike would still be retained. On the other hand, because no strike could be continued if it infringed so seriously on the rights of others as to give them the opportunity of taking the matter to court, it is not unlikely that the right to strike would be retained only in theory. But the right to strike is of value only when some proper end of importance is thereby to be attained. If such ends can be gained as certainly, and with more likelihood of justice, in some other way, then the right to strike has lost its value — has, actually, been replaced by something better — the right to the attainment of justice under the law and through the courts.

Because labor disputes sometimes involve fundamental public policy, it may be felt by some that public debate should continue to play an essential part in their outcome. But my proposal would not eliminate such debate. It would merely transfer it from the heated atmosphere that so often surrounds soap boxes, union halls, and employers' offices to the

calmer and more orderly halls of Congress. There, after proper hearings and debate, the legislation under which the courts would be called upon to act would be written and adopted.

Nor need there be any particular difficulty for the courts to overcome in deciding, under the law, cases having to do with such matters as living wages, working hours, or vacations with pay. It would merely necessitate finding the facts, hearing the arguments, studying the law, and deciding these cases as more complicated cases in other fields are constantly being decided. Nor would decisions having to do with such affairs ever be reached by any judge merely because of what he, personally, might happen to think. Decisions would be based on the law and the judge's interpretation of it, often regardless of personal beliefs that the judge himself might hold.

IV

With this clear, it may be useful if I state again the fact that no one bent on obtaining justice for labor need fear the courts or the judges, for they could act only to the extent to which they were empowered to act by specific legislation, and, in any case, courts of appeals have been instituted for the added protection of those who believe they are entitled to it. It might be added, however, that wisdom in writing such legislation as would empower our courts to enter this field

would suggest that the courts be granted reasonably broad powers enabling them to take jurisdiction over all such disputes as experience has shown are likely to arise.

The necessity for the occasional use of injunctions under the proposal I make seems fairly clear, and there are those who imagine that the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act was drawn in order to prevent the use of injunctions in labor disputes. But that is to misinterpret that widely misunderstood law. There is nothing in the act that says that injunctions may not be used in such disputes, as can be seen from the text of the Act, which reads, in part, as follows:

"No court of the United States shall have jurisdiction to issue a temporary or permanent injunction in any case involving or growing out of a labor dispute . . . except after hearing testimony in open court (with opportunity for cross examination) in support of the allegations of a complaint made under oath, and testimony in opposition thereto. . . ."

From this it will be seen that though injunctions may be issued in labor disputes, their issuance is delayed by this Act. In fact, the delays brought about by the Act are frequently so great as actually to prevent the issuance of injunctions even in emergencies during which the protection of the public really requires such action — emergencies such as arose, for instance, during the tugboat strike in New York last winter when, for a time, the city was seriously endangered

for lack of fuel which could not be brought in while the tugboats were idle. Because such situations occasionally arise, it seems to me that the Norris-La Guardia Act should be modified.

Now and again, when such suggestions as mine are made, certain fears of prejudiced judges are expressed, and some folk seem to imagine that labor, were it brought into court, might sometimes be forced to appear before judges not properly impartial.

Such a feeling is based, it seems to me, upon a notable lack of understanding of judicial methods, for if any party to a law suit feels that the judge before whom he is to appear is biased, it is merely necessary for him to state that belief in an affidavit containing such facts as tend to bear out the contention — to “recuse” the judge, to use the technical term. In the presence of such a statement it is customary for a judge to step aside in favor of some other jurist, not necessarily on the ground that the expressed doubt is true, but merely because it has been seriously expressed.

Other questions than the ones I have propounded and attempted to answer could undoubtedly be asked, and I would be the first to insist that no such plan as mine should be adopted without careful thought and study. Nor should any act bringing such a change into effect be hurriedly prepared. On the other hand, though I would urge the most careful consideration of everything relating to it, I believe that the necessary basic legis-

lation required to bring the proposed change into effect need not be unduly complicated.

Legislation would need to be written in order to liberalize the Norris-La Guardia Act so that preliminary injunctions could be issued pending final hearings *if the public interest was seriously affected*. In addition to that, little would need to be done except to pass an act broadening the jurisdiction of our courts so as to include such matters as I have been discussing. By such action two enormous strides would have been taken toward the attainment of real justice in labor disputes, and toward a better economic atmosphere.

Before that can be done, however, labor, management, and the public must be taught that this subject contains no taboos and is properly discussible. Once we have learned that, my idea or some better one will have vastly less trouble in being written into law.

After all, it must be clear that labor will rise immensely in the estimation of the public, and will consequently be in a much better position to further its own legitimate interests, if it more clearly recognizes its vitally important part in the further development of America. And how can that be better done than by agreeing to make itself answerable for its actions before the identical courts whose responsibility it is justly to determine and maintain the rights and the responsibilities of every American citizen and of every other American institution?

SCIENCE MOBILIZES AGAINST CANCER

BY FRANK E. ADAIR, M.D.

FOR untold centuries the mere mention of cancer has gripped mankind in a vise of fear. Much of the dread has stemmed from the belief that to be told one had cancer was equivalent to passing a death sentence on the patient. Until fifty years ago these fears were justified on the ground that medical science could offer cancer victims no more than the hope of a peaceful end under the influence of narcotics.

Today, thanks to the unceasing efforts of scientists and public-spirited bodies such as the American Cancer Society, most of the fear has been removed and the world now stands on the threshold of discovering cancer's secret.

The two greatest killers of Americans are heart disease and cancer. Slightly less than 300,000 Americans were killed on all fighting fronts from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day. In that same period 607,000 Americans died at home of cancer — more than twice the number killed during World War II. At present there are more than 790,000 cancer cases in the United

States, with some 175,000 of them doomed to die during 1946.

These deaths will continue to rise each year unless methods of dealing with cancer are found. Nothing less than a coordinated and concentrated scientific effort can cope with the problem. The American Cancer Society undertook the first steps in this direction in 1945, when it allotted \$4,000,000, raised by contributions, for an organized program of research, education and service.

The National Research Council, which was a scientific advisory board to the government during wartime, was asked to assume the same responsibility in setting up a program of scientific research for the American Cancer Society. A "Committee on Growth" was also organized, bringing together the best scientific minds in the country to serve as scientific advisers to the Society. Composed of the foremost scientists in many fields, the Committee functions as a board of strategy.

A program of research has been developed covering the fields of

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biology, chemistry, clinical investigation and physics. Each of these divisions has again been subdivided into a series of nineteen panels for intensive investigations in such related problems as genetics, viruses, botany, enzymes, radiology, isotopes, cytochemistry and steroids.

On first impression it may seem odd that cancer is not being attacked directly, as in the case of contagious afflictions like pneumonia, tuberculosis or the venereal diseases. But cancer is bound up with the very mystery of life itself, and to conquer it, investigation must increase our knowledge of the basic sciences on a broad front. Cancer is merely one phase of the problem of growth — plant, animal or human.

All life starts as a fertilized egg-cell which grows by multiplying at first into two, then four and eventually into untold billions. As they multiply, the newly formed cells take on specialized functions: first as distinctive tissues and finally as various body organs such as fingers, bones, muscles, glands and blood. This process of growth goes on in an orderly fashion until adulthood is reached, at which point nature puts a stop to further growth except where worn or injured tissue must be replaced.

Should this natural braking action on growth suddenly get out of order, as it frequently and inexplicably does, the cells begin multiplying once again at an accelerated rate. These wild "gangster" cells pile into masses of flesh with no bodily function, often

robbing the normal cells of their nutrition and obstructing the function of other body organs until they are destroyed and death ensues. That is cancer — gangster cells running wild with death as their object.

What causes normal cells to grow wild? Why does normal cell control cease? What is this "normal" control and how is it put into action? These and other perplexing questions scientists have sought to answer for many decades. The men engaged in the American Cancer Society's research program have dedicated themselves to solve these mysteries. Provided with ample funds, they bid fair to unravel the ages-old mystery of cancer.

II

The future augurs well for their efforts. Science has made giant strides since those days, some fifty years ago, when the Curies came upon radium and Roentgen discovered X-rays. Since first learning that radioactive substances could be used to destroy cancer cells, physicists and engineers have added enormously to the potency of radioactive techniques.

Today, some of these advances are in use and others are rapidly becoming available. Where only five or ten years ago cancer was being treated with X-ray machines employing a few thousand volts, today machines capable of producing from one to ten million volts are used. With their higher penetrating power, these new

devices make it possible to reach deep-lying tumors. In this manner many cancers are destroyed and the number of treatments reduced.

Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, University of California physicist and Nobel Prize winner, recently announced a new contribution which he and his associates have made to the radioactive treatment of cancer. In using the cyclotron — a machine which he himself originally produced — Dr. Lawrence observed that neutron radiations set off by bombardment of strontium (a metallic element of the calcium group) with deuterons, cause a regression in certain types of cancers without damaging nearby healthy tissues — as sometimes occurs in X-ray treatment of deep-lying tumors.

The neutron beam, composed of billions of high-speed atomic particles, is aimed directly at the cancer site. The atomic particles knock electrons out of the orbits of cancer cell atoms and the cells die.

Another machine presently being employed in cancer research is the 100-million-volt betatron. Unlike the cyclotron, it creates matter out of energy by forcing an electron to give off high radiation X-rays which unite to form new electrons.

Since radium is rare and expensive, these electrical machines are being employed to make other substances radioactive and thus create radium substitutes. Such natural body constituents as carbon, iodine and phosphorus may be made temporarily radioactive and used as "tracers" to

follow complicated chemical and biologic changes, thereby revealing valuable information on vital human processes. A bright future is being predicted for the use of atomic by-products in fighting malignant diseases.

A recent advance in radiation therapy is the use of a radioactive gas called "radon." The gas is made by putting radium into chemical solution, after which it is piped into tiny gold tubes sealed at both ends and injected into the patient's cancer. By carefully measuring the amount in each capsule, the emanations can be controlled for from three to six days. Thus the cancer is directly treated for the proper length of time; then the tiny capsule is painlessly eliminated through the body processes.

Other experiments that may have far-reaching significance were announced last month. Scientists from Washington University in St. Louis revealed that radioactive phosphorus was injected into cancerous mice and the chemicals then traced and measured with a Geiger-Mueller counter — a device which measures radioactive emanations. The tests disclosed that, as cancer begins to develop, phosphorus in the tissues falls far below normal levels, but reaches abnormal levels in the stage of active cancer.

This new method has also facilitated study of vitamin content and enzymes in cancerous animals. Enzymes are organic chemical substances which accelerate the transformation of ma-

terial in animals and plants. The reporting scientists stated that further experiments might determine what happens to cancer growth if phosphorus, vitamin and enzyme contents are corrected to normal in the intermediate stages of cancer.

Over a period of years, surgeons have perfected a variety of techniques particularly valuable in cancer. One such technique, initiated by Dr. Evarts Graham of St. Louis, is the total removal of the stomach. Discovery of drugs such as penicillin and the sulfonamides give surgeons control over the dangers of infection so prevalent in operations dealing with gastro-intestinal cancer.

X-rays have also saved many lives, not only through their own therapeutic value, but also in combination with surgical techniques. In some cases the X-rays are used after an operation. In others they may have a pre-operative value, as in the case of uterine cancer. There the radiation shrinks the blood vessels and lymphatic glands, making the operation more likely of success and decreasing the chances of post-operative infection.

III

Cancer should never be considered as an incurable disease. Diagnosed and treated in time, the chances of cure are high. The proof lies in the more than 40,000 cases of cured cancer on file with the American College of Surgeons, and the untold thousands more to be found in the files of

surgeons and radiologists throughout the country. In speaking of cures, surgeons refer to cases which have had no recurrences of cancer for a period of five years or more.

Early recognition is one of the great hopes for cure of the disease, but the chances of recognizing a cancer depend upon its location — cancer of the skin, for example, being more readily diagnosed than intestinal cancer.

Despite better methods of diagnosis, we still have no single, infallible test, either blood or chemical, which will ascertain the existence of a cancer. There is reason to hope, however, that the radioactive isotopes may provide the necessary yardstick. Current research in that sphere of physics seems to point to the probability of cancer diagnosis by the "tracer" method.

The men in the laboratories are also opening up new perspectives in the knowledge and treatment of special varieties of cancer. Recent developments indicate a connection between sex hormones and special types of malignancy. In cases of cancer of the prostate, it was found that castration had a retarding effect upon the cancerous growth. This led to the assumption that the male sex hormones stimulate prostatic cancer. Hence the same effect as castration could be obtained by injecting or administering female sex hormones into the patient; the latter, by neutralizing the male sex hormones, inhibit their production. A synthetic female hormone

known as stilboesterol has been concocted, and it is proving to be even more potent than the natural product.

The hypothesis of the relation between sex hormones and cancer stimulation is also helping to combat cancer of the breast in women. It has long been suspected that growths on the breast are caused by overactivity of ovarian hormones — the female sex hormones produced by the ovaries. Experiments employing the male sex hormone — the synthetic form is known as testosterone propionate — have shown good promise in retarding further growth of breast cancers.

A recent paper by the noted Brazilian cancer surgeon, Dr. Antonio Prudente, shows that testosterone propionate was successfully used in many cases of breast cancer in women as a post-operative therapeutic agent to prevent metastases or "secondary" cancers.

Meanwhile a Russian scientist has produced a substance which may play an important role in combating other types of secondary cancerous growths. Dr. Alexander A. Bogomolets, head of the Institute for Experimental Biology and Pathology in Kiev, succeeded in producing a serum which facilitates the healing of wounds by stimulating connective tissue. In addition to its other functions, connective tissue filters the food passing from the bloodstream to the cells, permitting the blood to carry away cell wastes. Bogomolets reasoned that when connective tissues degenerate with age they block off nourishment from other

organs, leaving them pervious to the degenerative diseases of high blood pressure, diabetes or cancer.

His investigations resulted in a fluid called antireticular cytotoxic serum or ACS, which has effectively overcome cancers in mice. In humans it is not claimed that ACS will cure cancers already well established, but it offers promise as a valuable post-operative therapeutic to prevent secondary cancers.

Several doctors in the United States are testing ACS on humans. Dr. William M. Malisoff is applying it to that most fatal of diseases — Hodgkins disease — and recently established a clinic at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn. Dr. Harry Goldblatt of Western Reserve University in Cleveland has treated more than 2000 cancer patients with the serum, and in a number of cases it has caused cessation of pain. A better understanding of the effect of ACS on cancer is expected soon.

IV

The factors of heredity in the cause of cancer are also being studied, but the subject is so complex that definite findings must await a good deal more investigation. It is known, however, that all living cells contain the propensity for wild growth. The strength of that force is dependent upon certain hereditary factors, the nature of which is not yet clear.

Outstanding in the field of genetics — the science of heredity — is Dr.

Clarence C. Little, director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine. Dr. Little and his staff have been experimenting with cancerous mice by breeding strains with uniform hereditary factors.

A few weeks ago at the University of Minnesota, Dr. John J. Bittner, a geneticist and cancer biologist, and Dr. Robert G. Green, a bacteriologist and immunologist, reported having discovered a filterable virus which causes breast cancer in mice and a serum which will kill mouse cancer cells in test tubes. It was while working under Dr. Little at Bar Harbor that Dr. Bittner discovered a cancerous agent which could be transmitted to young nursing mice by cancerous mothers. This agent he called a "milk factor."

Dr. Bittner believes the milk factor is a virus because, when injected into animal tissues, immune agents are formed by the combination. Drs. Bittner and Green succeeded in isolating a powder which causes mice but not rabbits to contract cancer. The antibodies in the rabbits' bloodstreams overcome the virus and produce the serum which neutralizes the cancer virus in test tubes.

As a result of the Bittner and Green experiments, viruses have been shown to be closely linked with cancer of the breast, and a whole new field of investigation has now been opened.

Another group of cancer fighters are working to determine the role of substances known as sterols in causing cancer. Chemists have long known

that these compounds can induce cancer in mice when injected into their skins. Sterols are abundant in such substances as Vitamin D, bile acids, the hormones of the adrenal cortex and plant poisons. It is quite possible that a test, identifying the presence of abnormal quantities of sterols in the blood or urine, may provide a clue to the cause or treatment of cancer.

From all of the foregoing, it is clear that science has made enormous strides within the past two decades. But great as the advances are, much more remains to be done before the scourge of cancer can be brought under control and finally subdued.

For such reasons the decision of the American Cancer Society to initiate a broad program of research under the direction of the National Research Council was a far-reaching one. Now the individual and uncoordinated forays of widely scattered scientists are combined into a single interrelated offensive. Integrated by the Committee on Growth, existing programs are advancing rapidly and new fields of investigation are being explored.

Although the rate of progress depends in part on the extent of the public's financial support, this much at least is clear: the war against cancer is in good hands.

(THE AMERICAN MERCURY will gladly serve as a transmitting agency for the fight against cancer. Please make out your checks to The American Cancer Society, and send to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. — THE EDITORS.)

PADILLA OF MEXICO

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

IT WAS hot mid-January 1942, in Rio de Janeiro. The third conference of American Foreign Ministers was holding its inaugural meeting. Five speakers had read their manuscripts to the perspiring audience. The delegates mopped ministerial brows, glanced at programs for the name of the sixth speaker, listlessly fanned themselves with the programs. The sixth speaker was Ezequiel Padilla, Mexico's Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The Mexican statesman stepped to the microphone, a bronze-skinned giant in coffee-colored linen. He had neither manuscript nor notes in his hand. By the time he had finished one low-voiced sentence, the delegates stopped fanning themselves and sat forward with excitement. This was not the expected echo of national political ambitions, not the hackneyed argument about trading tanks and planes for Latin America's raw materials. Instead the conferees heard:

The men who gloriously fell on Wake Island and in the Philippines . . . have not fallen in the defense of the honor and sovereignty of the United States alone. They have also met their death in the

defense of human liberties and the free destinies of these Americas.

Here was no rabble-rousing oratory sentimentalized with Latin rhetoric. It was a man-to-man appeal intensely and quietly spoken in the Indianized Castilian of Mexico, with occasional gestures of expressive hands. It was a once poor, hungry Indian boy, a dedicated revolutionary, pleading for unity in the name of the human equation. Again and again the delegates leaped to their feet shouting "Bravo!" and "Viva Mexico!"

The speaker went on to point out that a second world war had been loosed for lack of "organized justice between the peoples." Let the Americas then insure peace by organizing an economic system and "creating an American moral entity . . .

to build up freedom for man in the Americas. We have need of such things as cadmium, molybdenum and other strategic materials for war, but there is one other product we must not overlook: free man in America, on whose brow shall shine the dignity of his manhood.

Padilla was outlining, in effect, Bolivar's old dream of a United States

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of the Americas. The delegates cheered. The emotional ladies in the gallery screamed "Padilla!" This man had once been exiled for fighting for human rights. Now, in putting them first, he became the sensation of a conference representing more than 250,000,000 citizens of Western Hemisphere republics.

But the hardest part — the practical part — of Padilla's drive for the unity of the American republics lay before him. His friend Sumner Welles was set on a clean-cut break with the Axis. Argentina and Chile held out. The hot January nights found the Mexican statesman in his shirt sleeves arguing on into the morning to break the deadlock. A declaration signed by only nineteen of the American nations would be grist for the Axis propaganda mill. Had Hitler not boasted that he would split the Americas? At long last, through sweat and persuasion, Padilla got Welles to settle for a compromise declaration to which Argentina and Chile would subscribe. The twenty-one American republics signed "the Magna Charta of united America at the gravest hour ever struck for Magna Chartas." Bolivar's Pan-Americanism, the life goal of his disciple Padilla, had come of age — symbolically at least.

II

The foreign ministers at Rio that momentous January acclaimed their Mexican colleague as a diplomat's diplomat. They shattered protocol by

insisting that he make the closing speech — impromptu. But the spirited Brazilians took the big, smiling, soulful-eyed Mexican to their hearts. Crowds cheered him in the streets and showered him with confetti. Women tossed orchids at him. Samba bands dedicated songs to him. The Cariocas called him "the American man of the future."

There are some Mexicans, however, who consider him as something less than God's gift to Mexico. They claim that he has made Mexico a gift to the *Yanquis*. Both Communists and Fascists have attacked him for "selling out" to the *norteamericanos*. And his standing among other elements of the population has not been improved by the actions of certain United States citizens who sat the war out in Mexico City's cafés and night clubs and bid prices for necessities beyond the reach of the average Mexican.

For some years Padilla's political courage made him Mexico's number-one whipping boy. It finally cost him the Foreign Secretariat. In 1940 when, as recently appointed Foreign Minister, he explained to the Mexican Senate the new government's policy of all out cooperation with the United States, students rioted before his office and clamored for his resignation. As a defender of his country's oil expropriation rights, he drew the fire of entrenched oil exploiters on both sides of the Rio Grande. The "zoot suit riots" in Los Angeles a couple of years ago were even used by his op-

ponents as an excuse to stone his offices.

His successes in the international field did not sit well with some of his compatriots. Some resented, others were jealous of the constructive statesmanship that galvanized Mexico's Good Neighbor theory into a practical partnership with the United States. During his visit to the United States in 1942, in the course of which Columbia University gave him an honorary degree, political enemies back home complained and protested. He was trying to steal the limelight from Avila Camacho, they said; he was taking all the credit for Mexico's democratic orientation. Axis agitators circulated an abusive pamphlet, *The Prophet Ezequiel*, smearing the Foreign Minister personally and slurring the integrity of his pro-United States policies. To prove that the prophet of hemispheric unity was not without honor in his own country, President Avila Camacho recalled him to Mexico and made it a point to appear with him at important public functions.

It is not without a certain historic justice that a citizen of Mexico rather than one of the United States should be called the "American man of the future." Our leaders are men of European ancestry, generally post-*Mayflower*. Padilla is a descendant of the Aztecs who, long before the *Mayflower* was built, had reached a high order of indigenous civilization. In leaders like Padilla, the original Americans, enslaved and exploited by European invaders, are belatedly coming

into their own. Because of their ancient heritage of oppression they are intensely socially conscious. This is particularly true in Mexico, first American nation to decree the abolition of slavery.

III

Padilla was born in Coyuga, an isolated burro-trail village in mountainous Guerrero, cradle of Mexican independence. From earliest childhood, the privation and want of the impoverished countryside spoke to him of the cruelty of the *conquistadores* and their successors, the hacienda owners. Among the hill folk of the neighborhood his lawyer father found few clients. When he was six, his father died. The mother then taught school to keep the little household going. At nine Ezequiel was so eager for an education that he tied two pesos into a bandana around his waist and trudged a hundred miles over rugged terrain to the little school in the state capital. But being a normal boy he got some fun, too, in swimming in the Balsas River. Today at fifty-five he still swims like a Polynesian.

Scholarships sent the ambitious youth to the state normal school, the University of Mexico and the Sorbonne. Before he left for France he helped found the Free School for Law at the University of Mexico. Already a fledgling apostle of social justice, he was bent on sparing other students the hardships of his own struggle in early years against poverty.

From the avid reading of his student days Padilla acquired the historical-mindedness that, along with social consciousness, has characterized his leadership. He is a master of the long-range view. He sees the whole as made up of its human parts. He looks at every question in its world setting and its historical background, a viewpoint that has not increased his popularity with politicians and "interests." Padilla also acquired two major heroes, Demosthenes and John Marshall. To his own poetic vividness of speech he has added the Greek orator's earnestness of purpose and constructive persuasiveness. And he shares two of the great American jurist's gifts — directness in going straight to the core of truth and many-sided skill at sports.

Armed with Sorbonne training in international law and one of the best oratorical talents in Latin America, the young licentiate came home to practise law. Instead he came home to the anti-Diaz social revolution. Like his hero John Marshall, who left his legal studies to fight with Washington's revolutionaries, Padilla got into the saddle with Zapata's hard-riding, sharp-shooting guerrillas. Then as now he was convinced that economic democracy is as fundamental as political democracy. The law could wait while he fought for the rights of the down-trodden peon. His home-spun fellow crusaders were short of shoes and guns, but they never looted. They all believed in the honest Zapata's slogan: "Man of the south, it is better to die on your feet than live on your knees."

The clean-shaven, stiff-collared lawyer could ride and shoot with the best of the bewhiskered revolutionaries. Although drafted as secretary to a Villista general, he was in the thick of the fighting at Celaya, Trinidad and Leon. Villa was defeated and the front-line secretary was forced into a five-year exile.

The expatriate reached New York penniless but determined to take post-graduate work at Columbia University. He lived in a bleak tenement house where undernourishment finally laid him low. To the surprise of the lonely embittered stranger, fellow roomers in the slums took care of him. With the help of the landlady they nursed and cheered him back to health. Then and there, Padilla told me, he lost his traditional suspicion of "Yankee materialism." In that tenement sickroom the man from Guerrero became the champion of the credo that "American democracy is the best democracy in the world." He went back home carrying the torch for Mexican-United States friendship and for the United States brand of democracy. "The masses of the United States," he kept telling his compatriots, "are more sensitive to the feeling of justice than the masses of any other country."

In 1922 the repatriated cosmopolite entered politics as deputy from his home state. Despite — or because of — his political fearlessness, he rose rapidly in public life. He always had the courage to criticize the administration openly and constructively.

Congressman, Attorney-General, Secretary of Education, Minister to Italy and Hungary — in these capacities he served under Presidents of various political affiliations. As Attorney-General, he increased his unpopularity in certain quarters by getting the death penalty for the murderer of president-elect Obregon. As Secretary of Education, mindful of the dusty miles he had trudged as a school-hungry lad, he built accessible new schools throughout Mexico and modernized the entire educational system.

IV

In every public office he remained the revolutionary, crusading for the peon, for the little man whom centuries of hacienda feudalism had ground into socio-economic dust. He worked for better labor conditions, for better public health, a better spiritual outlook — as President Avila Camacho put it, for “a better man in a better democracy in a better world.” He played endless variations on his theme. “Always I have seen democracy producing the highest values among the people. I myself am from the people.”

He integrated his program of social justice into the progressing pattern of Mexican democracy. He believes that the social justice of Mexico, the racial tolerance of Brazil and the liberty of the United States can combine into a powerful force for peace.

In 1942 I had a talk with Dr. Padilla at his office in Mexico City. Behind his desk were marble busts of

Juarez and Hidalgo — Juarez, the apostle of social justice, and Hidalgo, the hero of Mexican independence. On the cedar-paneled wall hung photographs of Avila Camacho, Sumner Welles, Churchill and Roosevelt.

It was in the late summer, when things looked none too encouraging for the United Nations. In Mexico, despite the Foreign Minister's incessant war on Axis spies and agents, the Nazi fifth column was striving to stir up trouble. Hitler had boasted that he would turn Mexico into the Achilles heel of the Western Hemisphere; his followers were trying to make that boast good. But Ezequiel Padilla had faith in the democracies. “The Axis leaders,” he predicted,

have thrown all their resources into the war, and they have passed their peak. The democracies are pooling their material and spiritual resources and have not yet even approached their peak. Lacking spiritual resources, the Axis program will fail.

“Spiritual” keeps coming up in his speeches, books and conversation. It is no facile catchword: Padilla has no use for cynicism. The man who set aside a hard-won law career for the dangerous life of a social revolutionary means it when he says that spiritual values are the backbone of society.

But that does not make him an ascetic. He is a Catholic and a family man devoted to his wife and four young children. He neither drinks, nor smokes. At diplomatic functions his ceremonial glass often holds tomato juice. But he lives in smart Chapultepec Heights and spends free week-

ends in his Cuernavaca gardens and orchards. He enjoys movies, Mexican folk music and symphony concerts, his favorite classicists being Beethoven and Bach. He has a notable collection of painting and sculpture dating back to his diplomatic service in Europe. His well-used library, one of the best in Mexico, represents a wide range of interests — international law, antique furniture, the great classics in prose and poetry, histories and biographies of the American republics, billiards and golf. There are four of his own volumes on the shelves: three Spanish works on education and socio-economics and *Free Men of America*, his one English book.

At the family billiard table Padilla has shot many a tight game with the world's best cue handlers. His golf — score 90 — is played, to hear some of his compatriots tell it, with an instruction book at his elbow. There is nothing bookish about his shooting and riding. He is one of the best pistol shots in a land of crack marksmen and he has an old cow-hand's way with a wild steer. He has an old poker-hand's way with an ace, too. On the flight to the Rio conference he got most of the blue chips away from the newsmen. At the Brazilian capital the delighted Cariocas taught him to samba.

V

In Mexico City last February Dr. Padilla was unanimously elected president of the Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace.

As leader of the meeting he helped prepare the conditions by which Argentina could return to the Pan-American fold, from which the Colonels' government had strayed since the Rio declaration of 1942. He worked to expand that declaration into a veritable American League of Nations — the framework of that United States of the Americas of his — an example to, and a potential unit of a world security organization. What made his Presidency epochal, however, was that the Chapultepec conference "placed the rights of man ahead of the rights of nations." It was the first great international conference in history to lay primary stress on the human equation.

In keynoting the conference Dr. Padilla declared: "Peace is not enough; there must be jobs for all. The only thing the world needs to fear is poverty." Basically, he insists, it is poor national and international economics that causes wars. Poverty can dry the human heart to ideological tinder ready for the torch of the demagogue. If each country provides jobs and a higher standard of living for its workers, it will have a peace-minded population. If all nations cooperate through trade, credits, and mutual technological help, the world will be predisposed against war.

As he does whenever he has a chance, he blueprinted his new order for the United States of the Americas. In the rich and largely unexploited Western Hemisphere an equitably spread system of irrigation installa-

tions, public utilities, transportation and communication projects, rural electrification and diversified industry can keep the Americas busy, healthy, prosperous, happy — and strong. Not only can, he emphasized, but *must*, in the interests of peace.

At the San Francisco conference, Padilla headed the Mexican delegation. In the United Nations charter sessions he helped keep the rights of man and of small nations to the fore. At the start of the conference, he had an unexpected occasion to demonstrate the courage of his convictions. Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov had objected to the nomination of Secretary of State Stettinius as chairman of the conference — although, according to diplomatic routine, the foreign minister of the country in which a conference meets presides over the conference.

Out of all the delegates from forty-nine countries it was Mexico's Foreign Minister who got to his feet and faced the Russian leader. The United Nations, he quietly urged, should abide by established international custom and not yield to "the caprices of an occasion."

"I appreciate the information on diplomatic forms," Mr. Molotov replied with sarcasm, "but the facts of the war should not be forgotten and they are that the war is making four powers."

"Among the facts of the war," the Mexican shot back, "are also the principles that are the only sure way to a peaceful international life."

Soon after returning to Mexico City from San Francisco, Padilla resigned from office. Criticism of his collaboration with the United States, added to the weight of personal hatreds and partisan politics, finally made his position untenable.

It was not long, however, before he announced his candidacy for the Presidency in the July 1946 elections. Supporters of the government party candidate received the announcement by marching down the Paseo de la Reforma in a hostile demonstration. They bore aloft a black coffin boldly lettered with Padilla's name. The parade ended in front of the machine candidate's mansion where the coffin was burned. Padilla, undaunted by the threat and by the complete lack of party backing, declared: "Nothing will make me desert, even to the ultimate sacrifice if necessary."

In running for President, he started the hardest battle of his life. He was challenging the entrenched government political machine. Opposing him are a strange conglomeration of politicians, professional Army men, corrupt interests and extremists of both the Right and the Left. In this situation, Padilla's only hope is an aroused public. He has been encouraged by recent trends in Cuba and Peru.

But whether Padilla can win or not, his Presidential campaign is almost certain to have a powerful influence on Mexico. He is fighting for clean politics, for good government, for the rights of the common people. Even if the candidacy should cost him his life,

his courage and patriotism are almost sure to force changes in Mexico.

And whether or not he returns to public office, there is little likelihood of change in his attitude toward hemisphere solidarity. Few statesmen have worked harder for that solidarity and have more to show for their work. It took him almost twenty years to bring Mexico and the United States together, longer than that to set up the

framework of the United States of the Americas. He takes heart from the fact that Monroe's unilateral "America for the Americans" has become a multilateral and collective union. But it still does not go far enough for him. He aims at Bolivar's "America for the world." Millennial, his enemies have scoffed. Ezequiel Padilla, revolutionary, wants to know what is wrong with that.



THE RETURN OF CORPORAL GREENE

A Story

BY MAY SARTON

HE DIDN'T get home for Christmas. He waited six weeks at an embarkation point in southern France, without mail — and it was not until early in February that Corporal Ben Greene became Benjamin Greene, old Josiah Greene's grandson, Harvard '42, and found himself "like a dream walking," walking down Brattle Street in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on his way to Cousin Emily's. His family was in Miami — he would fly down in a day or so, but meanwhile it was good to have a couple of days to walk around the town on his own, just being himself, before getting involved in the high tension of a family reunion. He had dropped in on a couple of his old professors who remembered only vaguely who he was and congratulated him for having been in the war, or for being out of it, he didn't know which. He had not been a memorable student: had barely managed to pass the entrance examinations after being tutored for a year, and what he remembered most clearly of his college life

was the time when he was turned down for the freshman football team and saw his hope of being a success at Harvard fade. Otherwise college had been a cram and a squeeze before exams and a lot of debutante parties and a lot of bull sessions and beer.

In his uniform with a modest row of ribbons and three battle stars, Ben Greene looked like thousands of other returned veterans and had about as much idea as they about what he wanted to do with himself. That was one reason why he dreaded to see his father. "What are you planning to do now, son?" That is what his father would ask.

After spending a half hour at the Co-op buying some ties and wandering around the book department with an eye out for possible acquaintances, he thought suddenly of Cousin Emily. It was just about tea-time. And now for the first time he had a feeling of excitement, of anticipation; he decided not to call her up. He would surprise her. He passed a florist with

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daffodils in the window and bought a dozen: Cousin Emily loved flowers.

"Like a dream walking," he murmured to himself again, pleased with the old tune, pleased with himself, pleased with the warm air, the water running in the gutters, even with the dirty snow. Cambridge was just the same as ever — shabby, endearing, homely old town.

His family had had to move into an apartment while he was away: his mother was not very well; it had been impossible to keep up the house without servants — so his father explained in a letter Ben read, sitting in a tent in the middle of a dank field in the Ardennes, trying to dry some socks.

"What's the matter, Ben, bad news?" his buddy, an Italian from New York, asked.

"No, just my family had to move to another place."

How could Pedro understand the desolation of that sentence? Not to have a place where he could fix his thoughts, not to be able to imagine his father smoking his after-dinner pipe in the study, reading Plato in Greek, not to see his mother coming down the spiral staircase to dinner in her Fortuny dress which she had worn every evening for the last ten years — Ben got up and went out for a walk, angry with himself, with his family, with his wet boots, with the whole cockeyed world; angry with this grief that was petty enough beside the misery around him, but so acute that he had tears in his eyes, cursing as he brushed them off. It was a hopeless

homesickness for something that was not there any more. What had they done with all his junk? Put it in storage somewhere? God damn it, couldn't they have waited one more year — just till he got home?

So it happened that after awhile when he thought of "home," he thought of Cousin Emily's. She was one of the innumerable family connections he had taken for granted before the war. He had called on her every three months or so while he was in college because his mother said, "Darling, be an angel and go and see Cousin Emily — it's so near where you are, and she would be so pleased to see you." So he went when he had nothing else to do. He liked the house. When he was a small boy he had spent a winter there while his parents were abroad: he had passionately loved the large polar bear spread out on the floor of the guest room, with its bright glassy eyes and terrifying red mouth and soft curled-up ears. And then the cabinet of shells! On Sundays he was allowed to get the little key and open it and take out the chambered nautilus and all the others. Now that he had no home of his own, he thought of these things on the cold miserable nights in tents, and on the long jogging truck rides across Belgium and Germany to the Danube.

He found it a comfort to know that at midnight in Europe, which he figured must be four in Cambridge, Aunt Emily was surely sitting before the fire, hidden by the back of her

chair, so you did not see her when you pushed open the front door, but saw only the buckled shoe on the footstool and perhaps the silver teapot. Over there where nothing was the same for more than a few days, it had become of extreme importance to Ben to know absolutely that one thing was being done in the same way, at the same hour, in the same surroundings every single day.

Cousin Emily herself was obscured by these rites and objects. Or rather, she, her character itself, was so interwoven with them that, in memory, she and the teapot had almost the same value. She was a gentle, shy spinster, discreetly well-off, whose charities were anonymous and whose life itself had a kind of anonymity. She read a great deal. She was a good listener. Her day had its inalterable pattern. She was devoted to her two old servants and to her old nurse who lived upstairs in an apartment of her own. It was like Cousin Emily to have taken it for granted that one who had served the family so long should now be served in turn. And this she did with delicacy, humour and tenderness. But her passion was reserved for the two spoiled fat Scottys, Richard and Tribulation, who padded up and down the stairs all day long and demanded constantly either to be let in or to be let out.

When, as an undergraduate, Ben made his duty calls, he was amazed to find himself talking to her rather intimately about his troubles and anxieties. She was soothing. She made him

feel that perhaps simply living was enough, that one did not need to strain after the great prizes; she did not expect him to be more than himself, to be anything but himself. And now, far off, bewildered, often physically miserable, these afternoon conversations came back to him as precious. He began to write her long letters and to wait eagerly for her replies, full of the small detail of her days, and of the escapades of Richard and Tribulation, sometimes containing a poem she copied out in her spidery writing from the *Atlantic Monthly*, or enclosing a newspaper clipping she thought might be of interest.

But of course he had not had any letters now for a long time. The embarkation center was limbo: from the time he left Germany in a boxcar his mail had been cut off, so Cousin Emily could have no idea that he had finally arrived.

FROM quite a distance he could see the faded yellow paint of her house and the big elm that shaded it in summer but now made a beautifully traced arc of branches against the sky. Now that he was so near it was hard to keep from running. But playing the childish game that it is bad luck to hurry towards anything you want badly, or to seem to want it, he forced himself to keep to a walk, looking down at the uneven brick pavement at his feet, and whistling that old tune he couldn't get out of his head, "Did you ever see a dream walking?"

At last he reached the two stone pil-

lars at the drive and turned in, up the boardwalk, his feet making the familiar hollow sound, and the same loose board clattering back after him. Of course she would not be at the window, but he glanced up at the formidable façade of lace curtains just on the chance. He didn't want to be seen. He wanted to push open the big front door without ringing, as he always did, and to hear Aunt Emily's shy, light voice call from the back of her chair:

"Who's that? Roger? Charles? Ben? Come in, dear." Anyone who pushed open the door was bound to be family and bound to be dear.

He ran up the steps and flung himself against the door. It did not give as he pushed and so jolted him a little. Strange, it seemed to be locked. In forty years, this door had never been locked before eleven o'clock at night. Well, he would ring. He pulled the stiff bell-handle out hard and heard its plaintive tinkle inside.

The maids were awfully slow of course, they were so old — and probably deaf. He waited a moment and then pulled the bell again, hard. Again he heard the faint tinkle. Then he leaned down and slid the keyhole-guard back. Through the tiny aperture he could see the hall, the hall table piled with books as always, the corner of the stairway, and through the arch into the drawing room, Cousin Emily's chair. But there was no sign that anyone had heard.

Had she gone away? Standing there, impatient and unaccountably cross,

Ben felt foolish with the flowers in his hands. It wasn't fair of Cousin Emily not to be there, when it was the one thing in the world he really wanted — to see her today, when he had come back alive and with daffodils in his hands; it just wasn't fair.

Ben looked around now to see if there was anyone he could ask. As he glanced up the drive to the barn he heard the creak of a wheelbarrow behind him.

"Foster!" Never had he been so glad to see anyone as the old gardener, grouchy though he was, and though many a time he had driven young Ben off the flower beds when he was looking for a tennis ball.

The wheelbarrow grated to a stop. Foster wiped his hands on his pants and came up to greet him.

"Well, if it ain't Ben! Glad to see you. Glad you're back."

"Foster, where's Cousin Emily? I rang and rang and there's nobody in." In spite of himself, Ben's tone was angry and imperious.

Foster screwed up his eyes a little the way he always did. "Guess you don't know then — guess you don't . . ." he said reluctantly.

"Don't know what?"

Foster made some calculations, interminable calculations. "Your cousin passed away a month ago. Yup, just a month ago tomorrow, she was taken. Pneumony."

Ben found it hard to realize. "But then — where are they all? Where's Nurse? Isn't *anyone* here?" If there were just someone to let him in, with

his daffodils, safe and alive and back from the wars. Not to stand here any longer outside.

Foster looked off into the distance. "Well; I guess Nurse just couldn't manage to keep alive after that — she just faded away. Best thing for her — she was old."

THEY were all gone, then. "Foster, haven't you got a key? I'd like to go in . . ." He tried to smile but couldn't quite make it.

"Sure." Foster was glad to be able to do something. "Here you are. That opens the front door. I'll be round back when you're ready to go."

For the first time in forty years a young Greene put a key in the lock and unlocked his way in to Cousin Emily's.

He stood with his back to the fireplace in the drawing room. On his left was Cousin Emily's blue velvet chair; on his right, the bench, and on it last month's *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, some copies of *Life* and a *Christian Science Monitor*. On the little table was a box of chocolate-covered peppermints. He opened it, dusting off the cover, and ate one mechanically. Now that he was standing here where everything was the same, where nothing had changed, except that all the life was gone, he felt completely bewildered. It wasn't grief exactly — it was just that he didn't know now who he was or why he was here, or why indeed he was anywhere at all.

Well, he said to himself, I might

as well put these in water. He pushed the swinging door into the pantry and took down a tall silver vase his cousin often used for flowers. He unwrapped the daffodils, so fresh and clean-looking with their frilled cups; then he turned on the tap, but nothing happened. Of course, the water was turned off. Stupid of him not to think of that. Well, the daffodils would just have to die then. Ben stood against the sink, blinded by tears, and retched like a child. Someone else would have to clean up the mess. He fled, leaving the door unlocked behind him, thrust the key into Foster's hands and said:

"Lock the door, Foster."

THE night he arrived in Miami he shocked his family by making a scene. He shouted at his father:

"You might have told me — cabled — done something!"

And when his father said, "Ben, we had no idea — why Cousin Emily had no idea how much she meant to you —" and when his mother added gently, "She just sat there in that old house — you never seemed to want to see her when you were in college — dear Cousin Emily, she never amounted to much, we always thought, just sitting in that old house with the dogs . . ." Ben had almost screamed, "Don't say it again, Mother. You've said it twice. It's a great deal, more than any of you know, to sit in the same place at the same time and have people know you're there!"

With that, Ben went up to his bedroom.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN AZERBAIJAN

BY EDWIN MULLER

LAST WEEK in a U. S. Army recon plane I flew along the southern shore of the Caspian Sea. To our left the mighty snow peaks of the Elburz Range fell abruptly to the low, swampy coast line. Along the shore ran the highroad. We watched it closely.

Presently we saw the trucks, a long line regularly spaced, moving westward. We circled over them, so low that we could see the men's faces and recognize their Russian uniforms.

Farther on we came to the port of Pahlevi. Three transports of the Russian Navy lay alongside the docks. Up the gangplank of one of them moved a file of soldiers, heavily laden. In the parking area back of the docks were trucks, tanks, anti-aircraft guns, waiting their turn to go aboard.

It was the answer to the question that we had come to seek. The Soviet Army was really evacuating Iran.

So, for the moment, ends the first great threat to the new-found peace of the world. Never again — we hope — will one of the great powers penetrate by military force and dominate one of its sovereign neighbor states.

There remains another question. What about political penetration? There are other ways of conquering a country than by armies.

Of that question Iran is still a test case. What is happening there is happening in many other parts of the world. The question in Iran is whether the autonomous province of Azerbaijan will become communist — or what?

Now for the first time it is possible to relate what has been happening in that remote but significant corner of the world.

Azerbaijan, in the northwest corner of Iran next to the Russian frontier, has a population of something over two million — there are no dependable statistics in Iran. They speak a language closely related to Turkish. Two hundred thousand of them live in the capital, Tabriz. A shabby, dusty city. One paved street, the rest cobbles or mud. Three or four movie houses where, before the war, third-run Hollywood films were shown. Bazaars with their dark, cave-like

EDWIN MULLER has just returned from an extensive tour of the Middle East, during which he secured these facts on forbidden Azerbaijan from sources to which no other journalist has had access. As a roving editor, he has reported developments in many parts of Europe and Asia.

little shops. A few factories, cloth and leather, where the workers labor long hours in unsanitary conditions.

But most of Azerbaijan is agricultural. There are few individual farms or farmhouses such as we have. The peasant farmers live huddled in villages of a hundred up to three or four thousand. They go out each day to work in the fields.

The village of Kalivana is typical. What happened in villages all over the region happened or could have happened there. Kalivana lies in a broad, bare valley between wooded hills. Beyond you can see the rugged heights of the Savalan, snow-covered through most of the year.

In its low, thatched houses of mud brick live about 600 people. None of them own any land. The whole village and the country for several miles around belong to one man, in whose family it has been for generations. It's the feudal system which exists through Iran. The peasants aren't exactly serfs but, through high land rentals, ignorance and the lack of opportunity they are practically bound for life. Until lately they doffed their caps and bowed low whenever the master approached.

In the old days the master used to live there on the land and supervise work himself. The present owner lives in a fine house in Tehran and sends an overseer to collect the rents.

Agricultural methods haven't changed much in 1000 years. They plow with a clumsy wooden plow drawn by oxen. There's no school in

Kalivana. The nearest is in a village four miles away. Fifteen or twenty of the men can read and write, two of the women.

Sanitation hasn't yet reached the level of privies. Four out of five of those born die in infancy. Venereal disease is prevalent, though not as much so as in the city.

Economic conditions have grown rather worse through the last twenty years. The peasant must give from two-fifths to three-fifths of his produce to the landlord. What's left doesn't do much more than meet the food requirements of himself and his family. He sees very little money. The owner allows him credit for seed and other necessities. Except for the most industrious, the peasant is apt to find himself a little deeper in debt at the end of each year.

When the overseer has difficulty collecting the rent, as often happens, he calls on the gendarmes for help. These are the state constabulary. They are recruited mostly from discards from the Iranian Army. They are not at all a high type. (American advisers have begun to change this in other parts of Iran but their authority doesn't extend to Azerbaijan or other Russian-occupied territory.) They are paid about thirty cents a day. Indeed for a year the "old Shah," Reza, didn't pay them at all. "Let them live off the land," he said. They did. When they went to collect for the landlord it was simple to collect for themselves as well. Some of the gendarmes made out quite well.

II

And yet, until 1941, there wasn't much active or violent discontent in Kalivana. The people were loyal to the old Shah — though he did little or nothing for them. The boys were conscripted into the Shah's fine new army. They were in admiring awe of the generals who strutted the streets of Tehran. One heard little about Russia across the frontier.

Then the beginning of the war. At first it affected Kalivana little, except that prices began to go up.

In 1941 came the rumors that the Allies, the Russians and the British, were about to invade Iran. The boys of Kalivana were hurriedly called up for service, marched away toward the Russian frontier. The village waited breathlessly for news.

It was lamentable news. The Russians fired a few shells, dropped a few light bombs — and the Shah's fine army collapsed. It wasn't so much the fault of the rank and file. Many of them stood their ground, bewildered and helpless. But, it is said, every vehicle that could turn a wheel was crammed with generals running away.

It had a profound effect on the men of Kalivana. They began to think about the "masters" as they never had before. Also some of the men picked up rifles that the troops had thrown away when they ran — hid them away for what might come. Kalivana people weren't all gentle villagers.

More news and rumors came — that the old Shah was deposed and

banished, that the Russians were occupying the land. In fact Russian troops were soon camped not far from Kalivana.

The people were worried and frightened, especially the women. There was much talk of rape and robbery. But the Russian troops kept aloof; when they were encountered they were quite correct in their actions. A sentry check post was set on the road from Kalivana to Tabriz, and all who went that way were closely questioned. Otherwise the village was little troubled by the Russians.

But, as the war went on, conditions grew steadily worse in Iran. The Allies who, of course, controlled the new Shah and his government, were running the country for their own benefit, not that of Iran. They disrupted the economy of the country by preclusive buying, to keep goods out of the hands of the Germans. They took over most of the transport facilities in the desperate effort to get supplies to Russia. There was terrific inflation, prices rising tenfold.

The landlords, including the owner of Kalivana, began to press even harder on their tenants. The gendarmes did their bidding. Hardly a sheep or a donkey in Kalivana was safe from them.

Then the Russians began to work on the discontent of the country. Not, at first, in a violent way. They concentrated their efforts on Azerbaijan. The border between that province and the rest of Iran was par-

tially closed, making contact between the two difficult. Meanwhile the frontier between Azerbaijan and Russia was wide open. Across that frontier was Russian Azerbaijan, speaking the same language with only a difference in dialect.

Every effort was made to make the two Azerbaijanis feel one. When the people of Kalivana went to Tabriz they saw Russian movies instead of the Hollywood films. Many printed pictures were distributed, contrasting the unhappy conditions in Iran with those in Russia.

Then came the Tudeh Party. This was a Communist, or near-Communist party, which had existed in Iran since the 1920's. Under the old Shah it had been illegal and had operated underground. Its membership was varied. Some were proletarians. A few of the leaders were of the upper crust of Iran. They were idealists who had come to despair of improving the wretched social conditions of Iran by working with the small and corrupt ruling clique.

Of one of the leaders, Jafar Pishavari, the world may hear more. He is the present prime minister of the autonomous state of Azerbaijan and the leader of The Tudeh, now known as the "Democratic" Party. He is of an aristocratic Iranian family. In the twenties he spent some years in Russia. On his return he began to agitate the beliefs he had learned. The old Shah promptly jailed him.

In jail he stayed until the Russians effected his release in 1941. Then he

and his party came above ground, began to organize and agitate.

Those who have met him say that he has a "pleasing personality," is soft-spoken and reserved, is one of the few of the Democrats who have education and background. They say he is one of the few real Marxian Communists left in public life.

III

The Tudeh wasn't very successful at the start. Its first meetings drew small audiences and mild applause. The Azerbaijani are not very good material. Nearly all of them are Moslems and the Moslem, like the Catholic, is antipathetic to communism. Also the peasant, according to those who know him, has, in spite of his down-trodden condition and ignorance, a certain tough independence and individualism that resists any effort to regiment him.

At first the Russians had no open connection with the Tudeh. Perhaps they thought it could win the country without active help. Or perhaps they were too busy fighting a desperate war to do much more.

But along in the summer of 1945 they seemed to realize that communism wasn't getting very far in Azerbaijan. Apparently they decided on a new approach.

Here's the way it worked in the village of Kalivana:

One evening when the men had come in from the fields and had their suppers a Russian truck drove up. The men in it were Tudeh but a different

lot from the ones who had been addressing political meetings. They parked in the open space in front of the crude little "coffee house" that is the social center of Kalivana. They honked the horn and soon had a crowd together.

What they said was quite different from the theoretical political harangues of the former political meetings. This was very direct and concentrated on one point. "Don't pay your landlord any more. When we are in power, the land will be yours."

The older villagers shook their heads. But many, especially those who were badly in debt, were all for it.

The next time the overseer came around there were many who didn't pay him a cent and swore they'd never pay again. When he protested violently some of the young fellows beat him up. Later they got their hidden rifles out and cleaned them.

And yet the great majority, even those who refused to pay, had no political motives in their heads. They thought themselves still loyal to their Shah.

In Tabriz the new methods were suited to the factory workers. "Stop working these long hours for a pittance. When we are in power, hours will be short and pay high. Make yourselves rich instead of the owner."

The Russians still kept ostensibly out of it. Few knew that Pishavari was in daily conference with the Soviet consul in Tabriz, Krasnick.

Pishavari also used to go to see the American consul. From the start he

has played for the support of the United States. He likens his activities to the American Revolution.

But the landowners were sure that the U. S. was on their side. They used to say around Tabriz: "Thank God for the atom bomb which will soon be used against Russia."

A word as to the new workers for the Tudeh, now become the Democratic Party. Many of them were Russian Azerbaijani who had been drifting across the border. They had been trained in the technique of agitation.

To justify its case before the world — and to incite the peasants — the Party put on a campaign of atrocity propaganda. In its newspapers it published circumstantial accounts of the wrongs inflicted by the gendarmes, the landowners' men, on the villages. There is no doubt that many of them were quite true. How in such and such a village the gendarmes had tied some of the villagers to trees while they robbed their houses. How in another village two men were shot and their bodies thrown into a cellar. Life is cheap in Iran.

IV

Events were moving toward the seizure of power, the establishment of the autonomous state of Azerbaijan. Even before it moved on Tabriz the Party began to hold an election, to elect a National Assembly which should declare independence and make a constitution.

In Kalivana the electoral procedure was this:

Trucks arrived in the village to carry the voters to the nearest polling place, in a large village some miles away. Many of the older peasants hesitated to vote, said to each other, "Let us wait and see how it all comes out." But when the truck came to the door the attitude of the Party men in it was such that the old fellows decided that they had better go along and vote.

At the polling place there were other Party men to help the illiterate voters, some 95 percent of the electorate, to fill out their ballots.

The election was an overwhelming victory for the Party candidates.

The atmosphere of revolution — not the American but the French Revolution — began to pervade Tabriz. More and more people began to leave their felt hats at home and wear the cloth caps of the workmen and peasants. The wearers of hats were hissed and sometimes stoned in the streets. There was an exodus of landowners and overseers from Azerbaijan.

In the papers appeared lists of men — officials and landowners — who were to be liquidated.

The liquidation began. As, for example, in the case of Ali Validi, police official of Tabriz. Walking in a back street he suddenly sensed that he was being followed. He whirled, drawing his gun — too late. The two men with tommy guns did their job.

Pishavari and the other leaders hastened to disavow such crimes.

But the police, investigating by the usual methods, found themselves hampered in various ways. And few police officials were eager to take an active part in investigations when they themselves might fall suspect.

Out in the country the rifles appeared. Armed bands of peasants were patrolling the roads. Here and there a landowner, trying to flee, was hauled out of his car and shot.

The retaliation against the gendarmes began. These were scattered around the country in posts of an officer and eight or ten men. In the night a large band of armed men would surround a post, attack in overwhelming force.

The gendarmerie couldn't cope with the situation. Then the Iranian troops, the few that the Russians had allowed to remain in the province, tried to restore law and order.

At that point the Russians came out in the open. A truck-load of Iranian troops would start toward a locality where a gendarme post had been liquidated. A Russian non-com, standing in the road, would stop the truck, curtly order it back.

Presently the Democrats were in full control in all the villages. Then armed forces began to converge on the capital. Buses arrived in the suburbs packed with men in work clothes carrying rifles.

Probably the Iranian governor in Tabriz was right in his decision to make no further resistance. He turned over the public buildings and was allowed to depart.

The autonomous government of Azerbaijan had come into full power.

The Russian pretence of non-participation were even more thin. Russian troops were guarding the public buildings and the offices of the Democratic Party. Russian cars carried the leaders around the city.

The new government made a great show of restoring law and order. A new army and a new gendarmerie were extemporized out of the ragged peasant riflemen. Pishavari sent a personal invitation to the U. S. consul to come and see two men hanged in the public square of Tabriz, one for robbery, one for rape.

V

Now for the Tudeh the period of promises had ended, that of fulfillment must begin. The latter was harder. Government had to have money to get along. For example to pay its new gendarmerie and army so that they wouldn't have to live off the country.

A vigorous tax collection campaign was begun. Tax collection, especially among the peasants, had always been rather lax. The old ruling clique had felt that priority should be given to the collection of rents.

Now tax collectors appeared in Kalivana with long lists of back taxes due. The peasants were appalled. True, they didn't have to pay the landlord any more, but they had to pay taxes on the land now as well as their other taxes. And these amounted

to more than the rent. The new collectors were almost as brusque in their methods as the gendarmes had been.

There were other difficulties. Many of the peasants, having spent their money instead of paying it to the landlord, found that there was none left with which to buy seed. The prospects for the new planting season looked thin.

There were difficulties in Tabriz too. The shopkeepers in the bazaars were told that if they didn't pay their taxes they could turn their shops over to be run by the government. They could continue to work in them as clerks.

The factory workers got their higher pay and shorter hours. But most of the superintendents had fled and there wasn't enough know-how left to run the factories except in the most bungling and inefficient way. Also the higher pay and shorter hours raised the selling price of goods so that the market disappeared. Most of the factories closed or ran with skeleton staffs. Government was faced with the problem of feeding the laborers who were out of work.

Today the future of Azerbaijan is uncertain. Public opinion is confused. I have talked with competent observers who have facilities to make some appraisal of that public opinion. They say that, if a free and secret ballot were held today, 90 per cent would vote against annexation by the Soviets. On the other hand an equal number would oppose a return to the old days — to the landlords, the

gendarmes and the ruling clique of Tehran.

The newspapers of Iran are now devoting three-fourths of their space to their new plans: for social reform, for reducing the poverty, ignorance and disease of the peasants, for bringing real democracy to Persia. If those intentions are sincere, the United States might do well to help in their

fulfillment if it has a chance to do so.

For world peace has a better chance if governments rest on the broad base of democracy instead of on ruling cliques — whether those be of the proletariat or of a landed aristocracy.

In the last war the slogan was: "Let us make the world safe for democracy."

Now it might be: let democracy make the world safe.



THE ENDLESS HOURS

BY GRACE MILBURN

MORE suns than we shall ever see
Have flamed against the oblivious sky,
And flowers, we shall never touch, must die,
And hearts, as weary as our own, will cry
For centuries to come,
As far from home
As you and I.

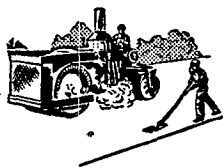
Yet the eternal tide
Leaves something more
Than salty wreckage on the rocky shore.
Though you have wept for me and I for you,
We have known peace and spring and rapture too.
And as the endless hours strike through time,
We stumble, fall and rise again to climb.

There's a great day ahead

for motorists!  But it won't

come until new cars and tires are plen-

tiful...highways are repaired



and made safe through modern engi-

neering . . . and until all those whose

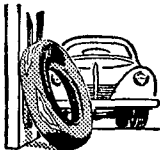
driving experience was limited during

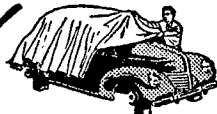
the war years renew their skill.

Right now, cars



average

more than 8 years of age, many with parts and tires  badly worn. The older your car gets, the more cautiously you should drive.

If you aren't sure your car is safe, protect yourself and others by *keeping it off the road!* 

You can help reduce the traffic accident toll which has been rising steadily since the war's end. For a check list of vital parts you should have inspected regularly, and for driving suggestions on how you can help reduce traffic accidents, send for Metropolitan's pamphlet. Just ask for Booklet 66-L.

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TROUBLES IN THE CIO

BY AARON LEVENSTEIN

IT WAS just before the big strikes started last fall. At a meeting of the CIO's General Executive Board, Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union took the floor. The time had come, he said, when the CIO must take up the question of what American troops were doing overseas. He warned that American labor would not stand for British and American imperialism in China, Indonesia and Java.

Phil Murray, President of the CIO, worrying over the big walkouts ahead, sighed wearily. Quietly he suggested that the question might well be left to another occasion when the agenda was not crowded with more pressing problems.

Curran was on his feet again. His members looked to the CIO for leadership; he could not go back to his rank-and-file and say that the CIO refused to act; he was speaking in the name of the maritime proletariat. . . . Angrily, the CIO President asserted that his steel workers were also proletarians.

At this point, Milton Murray, Pres-

ident of the Newspaper Guild, asked for the floor. This seemed an appropriate moment to him, he said, to raise a question of grave concern to the thousands of newspapermen — the question of employment. Many jobs could be made available to his members if only vast areas of the globe were not closed to correspondents. In southern Europe and elsewhere glorious people's revolutions had taken place, but members of the Newspaper Guild were being denied the opportunity to report them. If only the CIO could compel freedom of the press throughout all lands . . .

Harry Bridges retorted that Milt Murray's freedom of the press was a phony; the American newspapers were a kept press, and the defenders of the people's revolutions were well advised to bar American correspondents.

Thus the fight between the left wing unions, dominated by Communist party-liners, and the anti-Communist groups is rapidly coming to a boil, the crux of the conflict hinging on the sharp divergence between Soviet and American foreign policy.

AARON LEVENSTEIN is Director of the Labor Division of the Research Institute of America and a member of the faculty of the New School. As a lawyer and an arbitrator, he has figured in the settlement of many industrial disputes. Mr. Levenstein is author of *Labor Today and Tomorrow*.

The line which cuts across the heart of the CIO has been there from the earliest days when John L. Lewis led the industrial union trek out of the AFL. But the line is sharper now than ever before. Formerly it was just a trailing thread of suspicion between the two groups. Now it is a wall of determined hostility. Communist union policies are becoming increasingly more reminiscent of Union Square in the thirties; non-Communist unionists, determined not to be relegated to the background, are drawing up their battle lines.

The past four years have been fairly peaceful ones inside what Bill Green calls "The House of Labor." Under wartime conditions, the unions had to keep peace with each other as well as with management. Public opinion was not favorable to the small percentage of strikes that actually occurred; it would have been even less tolerant of jurisdictional disputes. But now the lid is off, and the labor leaders are beginning to move toward their real objectives.

For the traditional unionist, the primary function of his organization is to get better wages and working conditions for his members. For the fellow-traveling unionist, the primary objective is to serve the Party, or more accurately, the Soviet Union. If Russian interests require uninterrupted production in America, as they did during the war, then the most important function of the union leader is to prevent strikes. If Russian policy requires unstable conditions in the

United States, the unions must raise hell on any and every issue.

William Green and John L. Lewis are smugly looking forward to the new developments. The AFL, with only a scattered handful of Communists in its rank-and-file, has little to fear. But in the CIO, the Communists are more numerous; they control powerful internationals and hold strategic posts in the national administrative machinery.

II

It will be tough sledding for Phil Murray. His organization, which expanded rapidly under the stimulus of war production, is already contracting. The United Auto Workers, for example, which reached a world record of 1,200,000 members, is said to be down to a little more than 600,000. CIO treasuries are low, depleted by costly strikes. And now, the CIO stands on the verge of internecine strife within labor's civil war. While the AFL attacks from without, the struggle between the left wing and right wing factions will be weakening CIO's structure from within.

John L. Lewis, whose Mine Workers are home at last in the AFL, knows all the tricks of the trade. Sections of his District 50 will be merged before long with various AFL unions, the effect being to put his lieutenants in the key AFL internationals, where, of course, they will continue to be Big John's little boys. At the same time, he will be organizing foremen in CIO

plants, an industrial fifth column intended to undermine the industrial unions. For the first time in years, Murray is really scared. The CIO has set up a million dollar fund to finance an organization drive designed largely to counteract the forthcoming AFL-Lewis drive. But Murray is still without a plan to meet the thunder on the left within his own ranks.

He has taken some action, indecisive, to be sure, but nonetheless indicative of his stand. His hostility against Bridges, for example, is out in the open. A recent decision of the CIO Executive Board, formally denying Bridges the jurisdiction he claimed over inland warehouses, was intended to put Hell-Fire Harry in his place. For years now, his longshoremen's union has been scrapping with the United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees on that question. Now Bridges has been ordered to stay on the waterfront, an order he is prepared to ignore. Taking the aggressive, he is merging all the CIO maritime unions, picking up an independent ship union here and there, and bringing in the American Communications Association which, although well organized at sea, has been taking a beating on land at the hands of the AFL.

Other left wing unions are consolidating. They have two objectives: to defend themselves against Lewis, who will probably pick them off first; and to drive for full control in the CIO, or failing that, to set up their own federation. The United Office and

Professional Workers Union, whose president is a *New Masses* columnist, has clasped hands with the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians; the State, County and Municipal Workers are locked in comradely embrace with the United Federal Workers.

Down at CIO headquarters, the officials don't like this trend, particularly in the case of the sea-faring unions. For one thing, the leadership of the National Maritime Union is itself split by the Party line. To Joe Curran, an old foot-sore fellow-traveler, the new setup means a position subordinate to Bridges, who appears to enjoy more confidence from Party cardholders. Concerned as they are regarding these internal conflicts, CIO leaders are equally worried about the effect the left wing drives and tactics are having on public opinion.

While Murray and his associates have never liked the growth of Communist influence in their organization, at one time it was easier to ignore than to fight it. Now there's no ignoring it, because the Communists don't intend to be silent. During the war, there were no real issues to plunge non-Communist unionists into a headlong collision with the left-wingers. The Communists favored all-out support of the war, the no-strike pledge, support of the White House. Now, the Communists are reverting to their old policy: opposition to American foreign policy, strike-for-its-own-sake, denunciation of the administration as capitalist. This volte-face has had its

repercussions within the Party. Apparently Earl Browder was not ready to shed the newly-acquired mantle of respectability, and as a result he has been expelled summarily from the political party he headed for almost two decades. His differences with the new Party leaders, set forth in a circular addressed to Party members, tells the story in terms with which even his opponent, William Z. Foster, will not disagree:

"Foster denounced Truman as a 'strike-breaker' for the very same acts which caused Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman to praise him and promise him the support of labor and the people. Foster has consistently utilized every occasion of necessary criticism (such as the thirty-day 'cooling-off' proposal) to resort instead to unconditional denunciation. Not content with a head-on collision with the CIO, Foster has in the last days made a sharp zig-zag from several months of hysterical appeals for labor unity at all costs, and now practically declared war also against the American Federation of Labor leadership."

From the Communists' standpoint, however, Foster is right and Browder is wrong. Since the main function of the Party is to serve as an adjunct to Russia's foreign office, Communists *must* oppose the Truman administration and any labor group that stands by the administration.

On the other hand, the CIO does not dare to buck the White House. Historically, it has thrived largely because of its access to the Presidential

ear and the generous cooperation of government. For a brief time last December it looked as if Murray were breaking with the administration. In the most extreme language he had denounced President Truman's cooling-off and fact-finding proposal. But no man was more horrified by the assumption that the CIO was through with Truman than Phil Murray himself. With the steel strike coming, Murray knew that he needed more than a friend at court — he needed the court itself — and hastened to patch up the rift. Then Sidney Hillman, leader of CIO's Political Action Committee, further buttressed this renewed friendship by sending the President a letter of thanks for his efforts on behalf of the strike-bound CIO, with promises of labor's undying gratitude.

The Communists, hewing close to the Party line laid down in Moscow, can hardly sanction the re-establishment of this *entente cordiale* between the CIO and the White House. But busy as they are, in the early stages of laying the groundwork for the struggle to come, they have had to accept it. The time is not yet ripe for the battle to be joined. They know it, and Murray knows it.

III

Murray sees these preparations for internal warfare in the mergers of the so-called left wing unions. He sees it in resolutions brought to the floor of CIO unions and councils; in the New

York State organization, the Communists tried to put through a vote condemning Winston Churchill and the proposed loan to Britain, but were beaten badly by Sidney Hillman's cohorts.

Murray sees the new tactics on the picket lines of left wing unions. During the General Motors and steel strikes, the New York Council called for a city-wide two-hour work stoppage as a demonstration of solidarity. Though ostensibly planned as a measure to aid the strikers, Murray knew that it meant the violation of no-strike clauses in existing agreements, would rally support for anti-labor legislation in Congress (one of the avowed targets of the demonstration), and would be detrimental in its effect on the strike situation. If the New York CIO members wanted to help, he suggested, they would do better to keep their members on the job for those two hours and contribute the money to the striking unions. By threatening a public denunciation of the stoppage, he succeeded in breaking it up.

Murray was fully cognizant of what lay behind this smoke screen of purported cooperation. Though the stoppage was nominally planned to support more than a million strikers throughout the country, the real objective was closer to home. The demonstration was to wind up with a big rally near the offices of Western Union which had been struck by the American Communications Association. In NLRB elections, except in New York,

ACA had taken a trouncing. By means of this strike, the Union hoped to recoup its prestige and win the communications workers away from the AFL, but the strategy failed.

Most commentators on the recent strike scene have overlooked a significant fact. The giant General Motors and steel strikes, involving about a million workers, were disciplined and orderly, and won considerable public sympathy and support. The United Auto Workers and the United Steelworkers were content to shut down the plants; in many cases, they made formal agreements permitting supervisory personnel and essential maintenance men through the picket lines. The left wing strikes, on the other hand, were accompanied by violence. Mobs gathered before the factory gates to demand that they remain shut; the police attacked the milling throngs. In the Philadelphia electrical walk-out, clashes occurred between the workers and, borrowing a *Daily Worker* phrase, the "mounted Cosacks." In New Jersey, the "good old days" seemed to be back, injunctions and all. In New York, where Western Union tried to operate during the strike, picket lines were needed to prevent scabbing. In the steel and auto strikes, only token picketing was maintained. It would not be fair to charge the left wing unions with initiating the violence. But it is true that they either did not have a solid work force behind them or permitted themselves to be maneuvered into riots.

Part of right wing labor generalship

today is to avoid war with the police and keep public opinion on the union's side. Murray, as befitting the president of a national federation, is sensitive to public opinion. While each international union, in both AFL and CIO, enjoys autonomy, the parent body must look after public relations. And Murray knows that the CP threatens the good name of the CIO. Once before, in 1940 and early 1941, when anti-defense strikes were being waged at North American Aviation, Allis Chalmers and other important plants, he had been worried about the left-wingers. But Hitler pulled the CIO out of that hole by invading Russia.

Now the administration is planning a new military program, calling for continued atom bomb production, rebuilding of the air force, and maintenance of armament appropriations. Taking their cue from Moscow, the left-wingers are trying to interfere with that program. During the war, the *Daily Worker* favored peacetime conscription; since the sharpening of Russo-American antagonisms, the Communists oppose it. Political strikes will be used whenever possible to embarrass Truman. The National Maritime Union has already conducted a one-day stoppage for the purpose of pressuring the administration into a speedier demobilization of the men overseas. Harry Bridges is on record as favoring political strikes, separate and apart from the economic demands of the workers.

Certainly Murray looked with dis-

taste on the picketing of Winston Churchill carried out by his New York City CIO. However, he has decided to ignore that sort of thing. But when Michael Quill's Transport Workers threatened to tie up the city transit lines, Murray burned up the telephone wires. According to one story that has filtered out of CIO's Washington headquarters, Murray told Quill: "Either you end this strike talk or I call in the newspapers and condemn your action." The tale is not in keeping with Murray's character, but it is a reflection of his feelings. CIO needs the public's good will, and Murray doesn't intend to lose it.

IV

While maintaining the good will of the public is important, it is the internal war with the CP looming inside the CIO that is likely to lead Murray to action. Even during the war there were isolated instances of left wing unionists sniping at their CIO brothers. An outstanding illustration was the famous Montgomery Ward case in which the leaders of the striking union were more bitterly assailed by the *Daily Worker* than by Sewell Avery's publicity men. While the War Labor Board was upholding the right of a union to strike against an employer who violated a Board order, the Communist press assailed Samuel Wolchok of the United Wholesale, Retail and Department Store Employees for violating the no-strike pledge. Bridges, who had organized some Ward ware-

house workers, kept them on the job filling orders transferred from the picketed Chicago offices. State and city CIO councils, dominated by *Daily Worker* readers who, chameleon-like, were reflecting the current trend of Russian policy in support of our war effort, took potshots at the strikers.

Such instances, until now, have been comparatively rare, but they will become more frequent. In the General Motors strike, the United Electrical Workers messed up the United Auto Workers' strategy by accepting an 18½-cent settlement while the auto leaders were holding out for the 19½-cents recommended by President Truman's fact-finding panel. The faction-ridden UAW leadership joined in denouncing the Electrical Workers' "secret" agreement with General Motors. Only possible explanation for the maneuver was the desire to injure Walter Reuther whose strong anti-communist sympathies are well-known. Even R. J. Thomas, UAW's president, joined his rival, Reuther, in condemning the UE. This was just a forerunner of more CIO battles to come, and the outcome may be indicated by Reuther's election to the UAW presidency.

The 1946 and 1948 elections spell trouble for the CIO. The Political Action Committee, CIO's baby, will be claimed by both the pro-Communist

and the pro-Truman elements, and there being no Solomon to settle the dispute, this baby may be cut in half. The left-wingers are planning a third party ticket in 1948, while Sidney Hillman, the impresario of PAC, opposes this strongly.

Inside PAC the Communists are influential; they hold many key posts, particularly in the local organizations. Here again, guided by expediency, the CIO closed its eyes to the future, preferring to secure immediate gains. While some CIO leaders argued that the Communists and their fellow-travelers would work for the re-election of Roosevelt anyway and that it wasn't necessary to give them a base in PAC, Hillman nevertheless welcomed them, for the Communists had good organizers and could provide doorbell ringers. But they will stay long after they have worn out their welcome.

Phil Murray's causes for worry are real ones. On the one hand, he is harried by the threat of impending civil war within his own ranks; on the other, William Green and John L. Lewis stand poised, ready to lure into the AFL fold as great a number as they can from the CIO's war-swollen but already shrinking membership. Murray is a realist; he recognizes his problems for what they are. But worry won't cure them. He must find an answer, and find it quickly.



IS THERE A CASE FOR MIHAILOVICH?

BY WALTER R. MANSFIELD

This article goes to press as announcement is made that General Mihailovich will go to trial early in May. By the time it appears the General may be executed, shot "while attempting to escape," forced into a "confession," or given his freedom as the result of an aroused public opinion throughout the world. No matter what happens, the facts presented here are of historic and immediate importance; all the more so since they form the basis for the request the State Department has made of the Tito government that American Army officers be heard as witnesses in the General's behalf. — THE EDITORS.

OUR huge bomber roared through the night over the mountains of Nazi-held Yugoslavia. Suddenly we spotted the ground signals of the guerrillas below — five fires in the pattern of a square cross. As the signal light blinked green, down I jumped. My mission had begun. I was parachuting in as American liaison officer to General Draga Mihailovich and his guerrillas.

A band of ragged, black-bearded men, dressed in everything from homespun peasant breeches to captured enemy uniforms, led me over back mountain trails to a woods where Gen. Mihailovich was waiting. Before me stood a man of about forty-five years, stocky build and

heavy iron-grey beard, dressed in the same clothes as his troops — a leather jacket, black cap bearing the Yugoslav Army emblem, and peasant breeches. He smiled broadly, with a twinkle in his eye, as he greeted me in perfect French. For the next six months I was to see a great deal of this man and his forces.

During 1942–1943 Mihailovich was acclaimed as a gallant patriot who fought on with his Chetnik guerrillas against Nazi occupation forces despite all odds, when the rest of the world was verging on collapse under Axis pressure. Suddenly, in September 1943, he was dropped in favor of the Communist guerrilla leader, Tito. At this writing Mihailovich lies in a

WALTER R. MANSFIELD served as a Marine Corps captain in the Office of Strategic Services during the war. After six months with General Mihailovich, he was transferred to occupied China, where he led a guerrilla band against the Japanese. Subsequently he participated in the rescue of General Wainwright. Mr. Mansfield is now practicing law in New York, a member of the firm headed by Major General William J. Donovan, director of the O.S.S.

Belgrade jail, captured by his political enemy, Tito, and awaiting trial as a war criminal on charges of treason and collaboration with the Nazis.

Why this about-face? America has never heard the truth of the matter. Yet from 1943 until December 1944, when the charges against Mihailovich were first being made, there were several American O.S.S. missions with him, including groups headed by Col. Robert H. McDowell, Lt. Col. Albert B. Seitz, Lts. Ellsworth Kramer, George Muselin and Nicholas Lalich. All of them traveled widely and unhampered through guerrilla-held regions of Serbia and Bosnia; unlike Tito, Mihailovich urged them to make wide contacts with the Yugoslav people everywhere. In addition, over 425 American airmen shot down in his territory were rescued by him and safely exfiltrated back to Italy. What facts did these Americans find?

They found that in April 1941, the Nazis had blitzkrieged Yugoslavia in a quick conquest facilitated by treacherous Croats who deserted the Yugoslav Army for German promises of an independent Croatia. Mihailovich, a well-educated Serbian colonel, was in charge of one unit on the Bosnian front. Spurred on by the traditional patriotic instincts of fiery Serbs, he, along with thousands of others, fled to the woods and mountains determined to keep on fighting as best he could. During May and June 1941, the Nazi occupation forces, joined by treacherous Croats and Ustachi, who were determined to wipe out any

thought of resistance on the part of this liberty-loving people, carried out one of the greatest blood massacres in history. Hardly a Serb family did not lose at least one member.

Great numbers of Serb peasants, driven by the instinct of self-preservation, withdrew to join the soldiers in the woods. Mihailovich, commanding one unit in the hills of Ravne Gora, gradually became recognized as their leader. After organizing them, he struck back with a vengeance and during the balance of 1941 and 1942 his men used their rescued arms to attack German garrisons throughout central Serbia and elsewhere, destroying enemy communication lines and then besieging whole cities, such as Valjevo and Kraguevac. This timely resistance sapped the Nazi's drive into Russia by forcing the Germans to divert troops to the Balkans.

During this period, when Rommel was in Egypt and Bataan had fallen, the only Allied aid Mihailovich received was loud cheers. Possessing inadequate arms, living off the land and freezing in their now-tattered uniforms, his men were finally stopped by systematic German counter-attacks. Once again the Serbs were decimated by Nazi reprisals and the taking of thousands of innocent hostages. Mihailovich had learned his lesson. Henceforth his program would be to try to hold his organization together — midst these hardships — until the great D-day ("Justanek") when the Allies, preparatory to invading Europe, would send him arms.

II

It was at this point — in the beginning of 1943 — that British officers, fresh out of lush-living Cairo, were parachuted in to him. Excited by the defeat of Rommel at El Alamein, they now wanted Mihailovich to start another all-out offensive. Mihailovich countered, "Will you give me the arms?" The British responded with less than forty plane-loads of supplies during the six months that followed — hardly a trickle to feed an army of over 50,000 men. The simple fact was that they couldn't afford any more.

Failing in their first objective, the British tried to persuade the Serb leader to sabotage main German-held railroad lines leading through the Ibar Valley into Greece. Sabotage meant heavy German reprisals on innocent people. Americans saw whole cities burned down because of one ambush. I can recall the pitiful sight of Stragari in flames because Captain Kalabich had ambushed a Nazi truck column; I've read German posters listing persons executed. One placard, in November 1943, listed 223 Serbs whom Oberkommandant Ulm, in Belgrade, had been "forced" to shoot because of the "nefarious acts of that brigand — Draga Mihailovich."

Mihailovich asked the British, "What will you do to protect my people against the heavy reprisals? Is this part of the general Allied military plan for the Balkans? When D-day

comes I am ready to attack everywhere, regardless of reprisals." The British had no answer. These officers probably did not know that D-day was still over a year and a half away.

Meanwhile the British had been watching Tito (Joseph Broz), former Russian-trained Communist underground agent in Yugoslavia. After Russia was attacked, Tito organized some of the Yugoslav Communists, now called "Partisans," and started a campaign for control of the loosely organized Chetniks. At first they tried infiltration by peaceful methods and dissemination of Communist propaganda. Americans saw their leaflets, bearing the red star, the hammer and sickle and pictures of Stalin. With few exceptions this campaign failed. American officers all agree that the Serb peasant, who lives in a tradition of national patriotism, is convinced that communism is an alien influence which he does not want. Furthermore, the peasants, owning their own little plots of land, ask, "What do we gain by communism?"

A brief attempt at collaboration between Tito and Mihailovich in the fall of 1941, near Uzice, failed. Thereafter, according to eye-witness accounts from peasants everywhere, Tito's guerrillas began to attack isolated local Chetnik groups in an attempt to take over or disrupt them. By late 1942, the Partisan ranks were expanded by dissatisfied Croats who could not join Mihailovich because he was a Serb. Tito was a Croat.

British Missions, to which Ameri-

cans from O.S.S. were attached, then parachuted in to Tito. According to many of these American officers he was a master salesman, winning over visitors like Randolph Churchill, who had important connections. Unlike Mihailovich, he promised immediate, all-out action against the Germans, regardless of D-day, and a strong, unified postwar Yugoslavia, friendly to Britain. He also proved to be a master showman. Demonstrations of force were put on for the benefit of Allied missions. Daily communiques were issued, always announcing successful attacks on German garrisons. The daily complaint was made that Chetnik forces, collaborating with the Germans, were attacking the Partisans. The British were convinced. Tito was their man.

With the invasion of Italy in September 1943, the British were now able to parachute supplies in quantity to Balkan guerrillas. Thereafter, all supplies went to Tito, while Mihailovich received not a single rifle. London's BBC and the special Russian station, "Free Yugoslavia," were now broadcasting Tito's daily communiques, which became known to the world.

Americans with Mihailovich saw how false was the information being issued by Tito and published by the British. Here are but a few instances, selected from many:

(1) October 1943: After Mihailovich forces had wrested Visegrad from the Germans and pushed on to Rogatica, BBC announced that the Partisans, in a glorious

battle against the Germans, had taken the town. The Americans saw not a single Partisan until the Chetniks themselves were attacked by the Partisans.

(2) August 1944: Tito repeatedly claimed liberation of north central Serbia around Lagaravac, Belanovica and Ljig. The American mission found Chetniks in control of these areas, driving out German garrisons, but no Partisans.

(3) September 1944: A Tito communique announced that members of Mihailovich's staff had been captured. An American mission with the staff at the time noted that all members were present.

(4) October 1944: Tito announced liberation of Gracanica in east Bosnia and destruction of the railroad line to Doboje. The American mission in that region for ten days found that Chetnik forces had destroyed the railroad more than three months before, and that there were no Partisans around.

III

Under our system of justice, a defendant indicted for a crime is entitled to know what criminal acts he is alleged to have done. There has never been a detailed publication of the wrongs allegedly committed by Mihailovich — just a vague general charge of "collaboration" with the enemy, originated as far back as 1943 by his rival, Tito. "Collaboration" means "working together" with the enemy, and Americans with Mihailovich were carefully searching for any evidence of this. Let us see what they found.

American missions with Mihailovich never saw him collaborate with the Germans in 1943 and 1944. What they did see was his men fighting, killing and capturing Germans with what

meager arms they had, and at the same time trying to hold off Partisan attacks. They found that Chetnik forces as well as the Serbian peasants had a deep, burning hatred for the Nazis, who occupied and pillaged their land, slaughtered their people, destroyed their homes and took away their liberty. Mihailovich was adored by his people because he represented that hatred.

The Serbs felt that they faced another evil just as great as the horrors of fascism. That was communism, as represented by Tito and his Partisan forces, who were determined to impose it upon the Serbs by force, if necessary. American missions found that the Chetniks were being constantly besieged by the Partisans, whose primary objective seemed to be to wipe out the Chetniks first and the Germans later.

Here is what I personally saw. On September 6, 1943, only two weeks after my arrival, as I was camped with the Headquarters Force of Mihailovich on Chermernica Mountain, over 300 German troops infiltrated under the cover of an early morning fog and struck us by surprise. Hell broke loose, with machine guns, grenades and small-arms fire bursting on all sides. After two hours the Germans were driven back and I personally saw and questioned several German soldiers who were captured in this unexpected fight. A few days later, when we received the first radio news of the Allied invasion of Italy, Mihailovich, thinking that the great D-day had

arrived, dispatched radio orders to all of his commanders to attack Germans everywhere. I personally saw the orders as they were being transmitted. Col. Bailey, British liaison officer, led a band of 1000 Chetniks to Berane where, after a bloody battle with the Germans on the way through Priepolje, he obtained the surrender of the Italian "Venizza" Division, comprising 8000 men. Col. Hudson and I, with a smaller band of Chetniks, finally succeeded in effectuating the surrender of an Italian garrison of 1800 men at Priboj on the Lim River. Within two weeks 3000 Chetniks massed for an attack on Visegrad, vital German-held city astride the Belgrade-Sarajevo railroad line on the Drina River. In a six-hour fight witnessed by American and British officers, the Chetniks finally destroyed the last of the German bunker defenses and took the town. Within two hours they blew up the huge steel railroad bridge across the Drina.

During the winter of 1943-1944 Mihailovich, lacking supplies and besieged by Partisan attacks, temporarily subsided. Following the invasion of Normandy his forces, during the summer and fall of 1944, began an offensive designed to clean out all German garrisons in northeast and northwest Serbia and cut all main enemy communication lines south and west from Belgrade, so that the German forces could be bottled and annihilated. American officers saw many of these attacks.

Wherever they went, the American

missions found the Chetniks being attacked by Partisans. This was not Chetnik propaganda. I shall never forget December 1943, near Stitkovo. From a mountain-side village I watched a band of over 1000 Partisans marching slowly in single file through the valley toward us. We hastily evacuated, but not before firing broke out in Stitkovo itself. Our troops were already in rags. Some had less than fifteen rounds of ammunition per man. These Partisan attacks were made on civilian sympathizers as well as Chetnik soldiers. In January 1944, from a mountain near Kalinovik, Herzegovina, I watched a Partisan force enter the town. In a short while, flames blazed high in the sky as the raiders fired the houses of Chetnik sympathizers.

Even when engaged in assaults on German garrisons, the Chetniks frequently found themselves being attacked in the rear by Partisans. One vivid example: in October 1943, after we had successfully taken Visegrad and were driving the remaining German troops back beyond Rogatica toward Sarajevo, victory was wrenched from our grasp when a Partisan force fell on our right flank and forced us to retreat.

The record shows scores of protests by Mihailovich to the Allies about the Partisan attacks. He begged us to parachute in to him many more American military observers who could verify the situation. Are these the acts of a traitor or collaborator?

All the while, the Allied commit-

ment to Tito was tipping the scales more and more heavily against Mihailovich. American pilots of the Fifteenth Air Force later told me they were briefed, on the basis of Partisan intelligence, that Chetnik-held areas were German areas. Our American mission saw U. S. planes strafe Chetnik troops in the belief they were Germans. During the night we could hear American C-47 transports making parachute drops to the Partisan forces.

Nevertheless, the Serb leader continued to help the Allies as much as he could. In 1944, Mihailovich, cooperating with an American air rescue team under Lts. George Muselin and Nick Lulich, rescued over 425 Fifteenth Air Force flyers who had been forced down by the Germans. Chetniks, sometimes under fire, graded by hand a field near Ravne Gora where American C-47's landed to take the rescued airmen back to Italy. We have the names, ranks and serial numbers of these Americans who are eternally grateful to Mihailovich for their lives. If he was collaborating, why did he not turn these airmen over to the Nazis? According to AAF estimates, forty bomber crews cost about \$10,000,000 to train. Think of the German arms he could have received for these air men!

In the light of these facts, the charges against Mihailovich crumple. Most of the case against him rests on sheer falsehoods; the remainder is compounded out of gross distortions. Into the latter category fall Tito's

charges that the Chetnik leader signed peace agreements with the enemy and was supplied by him with arms. Intercepted German radio messages show that a few of Mihailovich's many local commanders, lacking weapons and squeezed on both sides, made local truces with the Germans rather than face annihilation. There is also the possible inference that they may have even received some German arms. Perhaps they did. Undoubtedly they received *German-made* arms, for some of the followers of General Milan Neditch, Quisling Premier of Serbia, deserted the Nazi cause and joined the Chetniks as the Partisan star became ascendant.

If local truces and limited arms' transactions constitute collaboration, however, then virtually every guerrilla group in the world has been guilty of it, including the Partisans. In France certain members of the Maquis were instructed to make peace with the Nazis rather than be destroyed, so that when D-day orders were given they could destroy the enemy with the very arms obtained from him. The Allies allowed Chinese forces to give the Japs the impression that they were working together so that they could damage the enemy much more effectively by a well-timed revolt than by breaking away at once. While in command of a Chinese guerrilla force I myself sent an agent to barter with the Japs for badly-needed quinine rather than lose two of my best men to malaria. This hardly meant that I did not hate

the Japs. The Serbs' hatred of the Germans was just as evident.

The Partisans too made local truces with the Germans where necessary to preserve their position. An American military observer with Tito told me that in one Slovenian town the Germans, who occupied the part of the town in which the electric power plant was located, allowed the Partisans to have electricity in exchange for water from the water works which Tito's men controlled.

Despite their justification, Chetnik truces with the Germans were few and far between. In a six months' careful search, the only evidence I found of an agreement between the Chetniks and the Germans was in January 1944, near Nevisinje, Herzegovina, where it appeared that the Germans locally were laying off the Chetniks. In this area, the Chetniks faced an overwhelming Partisan offensive which neatly avoided the Germans. The local commander, with whom I talked, hated the Nazis just as much as the Communists. His only hope was to preserve his own forces in order to get rid of both eventually.

Tito alleged, on April 5, 1946, that Mihailovich met German officials in the town of Ljig in August 1941 to plan a joint offensive against the Partisans. Stoyan Pribichevich, a Nazi sympathizer, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* for April 6, 1946, disagrees with Tito, charging that Mihailovich did not collaborate until much later. He alleges that on September 16, 1944 Mihailovich met

with Herr Staerker, Ribbentrop's deputy from Belgrade, at the Serbian village of Badovinci in order to obtain German rifles. The truth is that a meeting was held, but not between those parties nor for that purpose. It was a meeting between the head of the American mission and a German agent, designed to effectuate complete surrender of all Nazi forces in the Balkans; the meeting failed because the Germans would not agree to unconditional terms. Mihailovich was not even one of the negotiators.

IV

What was America doing about this Yugoslav situation? Our policy was to avoid local politics and support both Tito and Mihailovich if they both fought Germans. The chief proponent of that policy was General William J. Donovan, Director of O.S.S. Handicapped by the directives giving the British control over liaison with Yugoslav guerrillas, he was obliged initially to attach his observers to the British missions with both Tito and Mihailovich. General Donovan transmitted to the Cairo Conference a simple, effective plan to end the civil war: get both Tito and Mihailovich to agree to follow the orders of the Allied Middle East Theatre Commander, under penalty of boycott if they failed. Toward this objective he even offered to parachute into Yugoslavia personally. One year later this proposal was returned to him by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. By

the spring of 1944 the British ordered all Allied missions out of Mihailovich's territory.

Donovan appealed to President Roosevelt against the edict. Regardless of alleged collaboration, the General argued, it was just as important as ever to have Americans with Mihailovich in order to rescue American fliers, collect valuable intelligence, support Chetnik resistance against the Germans, and provide a hopping off point for O.S.S. operations into Austria. The President approved this plan, then revoked it at the personal request of Prime Minister Churchill. Donovan persisted in his point. Several months later, over British objections, he finally succeeded in getting Presidential approval of the McDowell Mission and the air rescue team under Lt. Muselin.

There you have the evidence, as observed by American officers. Summed up, it shows the following with respect to Mihailovich:

1. In 1941, without Allied aid, he fought on against the Nazis when they were at their strongest, thereby impeding Germany's initial drive into Russia.
2. In 1943 and 1944, at the very time when he was first charged with collaboration by his political enemies he continued the battle against the Nazis, again without Allied aid and despite the fact that he was besieged by Communist forces under Tito.
3. In 1944 he rescued over 425 American airmen and got them back to Italy, when he could easily have

turned them over to the Nazis, were he collaborating as charged.

4. In 1943, Nazi occupation forces shot innocent Serb hostages in reprisal for attacks by Mihailovich's Chetniks, thereby showing that the Nazis did not consider him a collaborator.

5. He met all charges of collaboration with repeated appeals for more Allied observers to verify the falsity of the accusations.

6. The evidence is clear that the handful of local commanders who entered into truces or deals were motivated only by the hope of holding their forces together until they could eventually throw out the Nazis. Any such agreements were provoked largely by the Partisan campaigns to annihilate the Chetniks who refused to accept communism. Partisans, and other guerrillas all over the world, have engaged in the same practice; it is not considered treason or collaboration by any fair-minded person.

7. Mihailovich stuck with his country from the start to the finish of this war, never attempting to flee (even after Tito rose to power) although he could easily have done so.

The evidence seen by Americans calls for one verdict only — complete exoneration.

Today the child succored by the Allies is full grown. An American State Department official, recently re-

turned from Belgrade, reports that a virtual reign of terror exists in Yugoslavia today. OZNA, the secret police (patterned after the Russian OGPU) is everywhere and sees that any free expression of opinion is quickly strangled. The only newspapers allowed to be published are those favoring Tito. Tito's picture is everywhere. Children's parades, bearing placards praising Tito, are frequently staged in the streets of Belgrade. Persons who are not "in line" have their ration cards taken away and are confined. Leigh White, American foreign correspondent in the Balkans, reported that the recent elections were "an elaborate hoax." Newbold Noyes, Jr., Washington *Star* correspondent, after getting out of Yugoslavia, reported that:

Tito's is a sort of police government, and civil rights as we understand them and rule by law as we understand it does not exist. . . . Marshal Tito's regime does not tolerate criticism, domestic or foreign.

In short, the present government bears all the indicia of a repressive dictatorship, which is now getting to be known as "Titolitarianism." Winston Churchill has finally admitted that the British policy in Yugoslavia was a mistake. Nothing could confirm the mistake more than Mihailovich's present fate.



SILENCE is not always tact, and it is tact that is golden
— not silence. — SAMUEL BUTLER

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Actors Are Actors

WHEN Billy Rose produced Clifford Odets' *Clash by Night*, he cast for the mechanic the dark-haired, Hebraic-featured actor, Joseph Schildkraut, on the ground that his appearance was happily suited to the role. One day during the rehearsal period he was nigh tumbled out of his seat when Schildkraut showed up with his hair dyed a brilliant red. "For the love of God," he yelled, "why that?" "I thought," calmly replied the actor, "that a mechanic should have red hair and, besides, red hair will make me more fascinating in my passionate love scenes with Tallulah Bankhead." "You get the hell right out of here to the nearest barber shop," proclaimed Rose, "and don't you come back until that tomato juice is washed off!"

Schildkraut's red hair is only a drop in the bucket of agony that producers at one time or another have suffered from *genus histrio*. The late Richard Bennett, for example, even when he approached his upper sixties, persuaded himself that the sex appeal which he had exercised so successfully years before in the days when he was a *matinée* idol was still quite as puissant as ever. In order to make doubly certain, however, it was his

technique, when vague doubt overcame him, to appear on the stage at rehearsals *in puris naturalibus* save for a diaphanous white nightgown. Though the young actresses in the company managed to hold in check their giggles, lest they commit the unforgivable crime of offending the star, they often found themselves so awkward in the Presence that it was all they could do to get their lines out of their mouths.

The situation became so trying to the producer and the director in one instance — the play made from Jim Tully's *Jarnegan* — that they were driven to the sly expedient of leaving both the lobby and back-stage doors ajar, thereby creating such a chill draught on the stage that Bennett, fearing he might perish from pneumonia, promptly abandoned the nightgown habit and thereafter appeared sufficiently clothed against the threat of the Reaper.

Arnold Daly, that otherwise intelligent actor, was another who fancied himself irresistible to the ladies in his companies. A sufficient number of these not only failed to appreciate his charms but found that his persistent overtures seriously discommoded their acting efforts. Complaints to the man-

agements did little good; Daly could not be dissuaded. Things came to the point where on one occasion a young actress could abide the love-making no longer and threatened to leave the company unless the management caused Daly to desist. But how to go about it? Appreciating that there was only one player on the stage at the time whose wit was cruel enough to put any other actor whom he did not like in his place, the management told the young actress to consult him as to the best means to curb the offender. Since Wilton Lackaye was her friend, she jumped at the chance for relief.

"I know Daly's amorous approach well," Lackaye informed her. "It is always, 'Be nice to me, darling, and I'll teach you how to be a real actress.' The next time he springs it on you, just say to him, 'Thanks, but I prefer to select the father of my acting.'"

Daly, subsequently thus crushingly talked back to for a change, winced and growled, but thereafter behaved himself — and the show went on.

II

Nat Goodwin's custom of making curtain speeches denouncing the critics is well known. His especial aversion among them was Alan Dale, of the *New York American*. Goodwin hated Dale with a Borgian intensity and it was a rare speech that — I quote from the records of the stage verbatim — did not run as follows:

Critics — what a queer lot! — are generally foes to art, from Dr. Johnson down to those of the present day. Seldom sponsors, always antagonistic, jealous and even venomous, they are eager to tear down citadels of honest thought and houses of worthy purpose! They remain hostile until the continued success of their victim compels a truce. And how cravenly they acknowledge defeat! Like the shot coyote they will only fight when wounded. But what gets on my nerves is the attention given some of these penny-a-liners [*Ed. note: Dale received \$40,000 as his annual critical wage*] by the manager-producers who cull the complimentary expressions of these incompetents and print them conspicuously on their posters. To add further insult to the honest actor most of the yellow journals photograph the vermin, heading the columns of their un-instructive guff with their hideous faces!

Alan Dale, whose real name is Cohen, is one of this sordid crew. He called on me some years ago in Paris with firm instructions from his master, Mr. Hearst, to interview me. I sent my servant to tell him to come up and carefully arranged the furniture of my handsome suite for his reception, since I did not care to pay for breakage and I was afraid his thick skull might destroy some of the precious and costly bric-a-brac if he fell where I intended he should! I set the scene for him, but when he entered into my presence and I contemplated the little, self-opinionated, arrogant, subservient and groveling worm, I despairingly asked myself, "What's the use?", condescended to give him the interview, and loftily dismissed him. I felt only pity for the poor, puny, little hireling!

This was all very well in its way, but as time went on Goodwin's management became fed up with it, since not only did it bore audiences with its endless repetition but alienated the good-will of disgusted other critics,

even though personally they were not any too friendly to Dale. Meditating the situation, the management finally hit on a plan to repress their troublesome star. Goodwin, they well knew, was not averse to the flattery of young and pretty women; in point of fact, he was, in the vulgar expression, a pushover for it. A number of such creatures, duly instructed and recompensed for their trouble with free seats to the play and other gratuities, were accordingly rounded up every night to invade Goodwin's dressing-room just before he dashed into it at the play's conclusion to freshen his makeup preparatory to the speech-making and to overwhelm him with their tributes to his histrionic genius and manly beauty.

It was months before he again made a speech.

III

The late Robert Hilliard venerated himself as a fashion-plate. It was said of him that, in preparation for a play, he would spend one hour a day on learning his part and ten at his tailor and haberdashers. When he paraded the boulevards, creased, pomaded, boutonnièred, begloved and becaned to within an inch of his life, even the dogs stopped to look at him, not without amusement. And no matter what the nature of a role, he insisted upon dressing it as if it had been written by Messrs. Bell and Wetzel.

This, obviously, sometimes led to dramatic embarrassment, and in the

case of the play called *A Fool There Was*, based upon the familiar Kipling verses, also to considerable ribaldry among the critics and members of the audience. It led to dramatic embarrassment because audience sympathy was difficultly to be achieved for a character who went the grim road to ruin as immaculately and unruffledly wardrobed as if he were ensconced in an opera box. And it led to ribaldry because Hilliard's extreme sartorial polish waywardly reminded the critics and audience of a certain obscene simile popular in that day.

There was one scene in particular in the play with which Hilliard's finery played havoc. Whereas he should properly have played it in a casual business suit, he insisted upon appearing in it — and making it ridiculous — in an outfit more appropriate to the royal enclosure at Ascot. To the pleas of the producer, Fred Thompson, he however remained adamant.

Exasperated, Thompson thereupon got busy. Getting hold of an eighteen-dollar two-pairs-of-pants-to-the-suit tailor on Eighth Avenue, he had him confect a burlesque replica of the outfit, amplified by a boutonnière the size of a small cabbage. He then hired a very black Negro to embellish himself with it and to sit down front for several successive performances where Hilliard's eye could not miss him. On the fourth night Hilliard appeared in another suit, though he declined to speak to Thompson for several weeks afterward.

A few seasons ago, Eddie Dowling had a similar sartorial adventure with a young actor named Barker, who since has found his art more relevant to Hollywood and the cinema. Cast for the role of Morris Carleon in a revival of Chesterton's *Magic*, Barker, a pretty fellow, insisted upon augmenting his pulchritude by dressing himself up not in the easy and fairly slouchy manner appropriate to the character but in duds splendiferous enough to equip a pair of John Dews. Even the raincoat which the play's meteorological conditions imposed upon him at one point must, he affirmed, be not damp and rumpled but dry and nobby. "I cannot act in clothes that are not smart in every respect," he observed.

As in the earlier case of Thompson, Dowling's protestations were to no avail, and those scenes in the play in which the young actor figured got nowhere with the snickering audience. One night, accordingly, the producer went into action. Getting to the theatre early, he went into the actor's dressing-room before he arrived, took his clothes off the hooks, carefully piled them on a chair, for the next fifteen minutes sat on them with a

ceaselessly agitated backside, and mussed them into something remotely approaching human apparel. He also poured a few glasses of water from the dressing-room basin on the raincoat. And the scenes for at least one performance — the actor showed up for the next scrupulously moded as ever — had some effect.

By way of brighter note, no one ever had any such trouble with John Barrymore, at any rate in the days when the handsome dog was known as Jack. Jack cared less about his clothes than any actor since Molière's wagon days.

It is sometimes related of him that he at one time wore the same suit, along with the same underwear, for so unduly protracted a stretch that his loving and solicitous sister Ethel was mercifully constrained one night to sneak into his room, steal it, and have it burned. And it is further related, though the story may well be apocryphal, that, when he was playing in *A Stubborn Cinderella* with Sally Fisher, Sally nightly had to load up on garlic for reasons that politely need not be suggested. Yet the romantic memory of Jack lives on, while the perfumed clothes-horses are forgotten.



WE ALL have a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness, some charity, when we are dead; it is the living only who cannot be forgiven.

— GEORGE ELIOT: *The Lifted Veil*

OUR EDUCATIONAL FAILURE IN GERMANY

BY GREGOR ZIEMER

THE aging teacher was lecturing on German history to his overcrowded class of about seventy-five eight-year-old boys. There were no textbooks, for none had yet reached the small stone schoolhouse. There was no spontaneous discussion, no free play of questions and answers, no exchange of ideas. It was spring 1946, in a village near the Tegern Lake, American occupied zone, Germany.

The teacher had survived the collapse of two regimes and he was waiting out the third. Originally employed by the Weimar Republic, he joined the Nazi *Lehrerbund*, the teacher's union, when Hitler came, convincing the Nazi school authorities that he believed their doctrines. When the Americans arrived, he pledged his friendship to them. The American officials needed a teacher for the village school, so they let him stay. Now he was discussing the age of Bismarck. When his lecture ended, a sly smile broke on his withered old face.

"Boys," he said, "I have told you that the dreams of German so-called

imperialists as personified by Bismarck are evil. Very evil. The Americans have asked us to say that and we are saying it — as long as the American flag is here."

It was the way he said it that brought a very German laugh from the class.

An American witnessed the incident and reported it. But it is difficult to arrest an old German teacher for smiling. Anyway, there is nobody to take his place. So he stays on, teaching his brand of history.

And so too are many others, for we are doing disgracefully little to stop them. In the re-education of German youth, in the redemption of the beaten, warped and prostituted German mind, the American occupation is meeting its gravest challenge and, thus far, its most tragic failure.

The evidence of this failure is drawn from a hundred and one different sources. It comes from recent long-distance telephone conversations which I have had with American officials in Germany; from my own experiences

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while I was in Germany during and after combat; from reports sent to me by friends still in Germany; and from fifty German newspapers which have reached me — 1946 editions.

Consider first the woefully inadequate size of the educational program currently under way. According to official figures issued by the Military Government Information Service in Germany, at the beginning of 1946 we had 8878 elementary schools in operation, with 1,648,883 pupils in attendance. We have also opened 258 secondary schools. In the American sector of Berlin, according to a report made last March by Major Paul F. Shafer of the Education and Religious Affairs Section of the Berlin District, another 100,000 are attending 166 schools. Of the Berlin total, 73,000 are in elementary, 3600 in intermediate and 12,000 in secondary schools, with 13,000 more in trade and vocational institutions. All in all, American territory has 1,773,883 students to date. The total population of that territory is approximately 17,000,000, of whom about 7,000,000 are below the age of eighteen. Although the American authorities cannot be expected to provide school facilities for all below the age of eighteen, certainly more than one-fourth of them ought to be accommodated.

Even under present enrollment, however, the shortage of teachers is extreme. Thus far 23,370 teachers have been permitted to conduct classes in the entire territory under our command. In Bavaria, Wuertem-

berg and Gross-Hesse we have only one teacher for every eighty students and, at that, most of the classes are staggered to meet a few hours every other day. The authorities estimate that we lack about 12,000 teachers. Yet many of the ones we have are over-age; consequently, I should put our teacher deficiency at more than 25,000. Then too, many of the instructors currently employed must be considered as unreliable, because they could not be screened properly. As in the case of the history teacher in the Bavarian village, immediate needs caused a relaxation of restrictions.

What are we doing to fill the depleted and dubious ranks of Germany's educators? What are we doing to give the German children and their instructors and guardians a new world outlook, a new sense of international values?

II

We have done one thing. We have half-heartedly opened a few so-called Pedagogical Institutes for the training of teachers. Four of these, with an approximate enrollment of 300, were functioning after a fashion when last I talked to authorities in charge of this project. But the Institutes have no unified program. There is no policy for educational development of either teacher or pupil in the American zone in Germany — no plan, no organized process. There is no authority, no spirit, no conviction, no heart in the undertaking. We are providing no

constructive suggestions, no positive inspiration. We are certainly not making allies out of the German teachers, nor friends out of the German children.

Then there is the question of books. The number of books available in the American zone is indicated by the following letter which I recently received from Munich. It was sent by Raymond Spahn, member of the District Information Control Team, stationed at Erlangen. Spahn is a former educator of the Main Township High School, Park Ridge, Illinois. He writes:

You ask me what we are doing with education in German schools, what we have accomplished since you left us a few months ago. Well, it's as you anticipated — sad and dreary. For some time I've been trying to get hold of some copies of books which we promised the German educators to replace their Nazi books.

I am mailing you today THE German textbook. Miss Ali Britzelmayer of the Bavarian Ministry of State Instruction and Culture, who is doing some research in my library, brought me the book.

"Is that all you could lay your hands on?" I asked.

And she said, "That is the only reader they have. Every pupil uses it, whether he is just beginning or finishing school. They hope to get more textbooks eventually. But so far, that is all they have in the line of readers. They have no history books at all."

One class of reader for almost two million students of all ages! I couldn't believe it. So she used my telephone to call up Dr. Anton Fingerle, head of the Munich schools, and his office confirmed it.

It was this same Dr. Anton Fingerle who summed up the whole problem succinctly when I interviewed him in

the old Munich City Hall, overlooking the ruins of the Marienplatz. He reminded me that Nazi education has gone much deeper than most Americans realize. He warned me that unrest and bloodshed would develop among German youth unless we succeed in steering their minds into constructive channels.

"What can you expect?" Dr. Fingerle asked. "How can you hope to convert the thinking of German youth overnight? For years our boys and girls have been thinking grand thoughts of world domination, *herrenvolk*, and race superiority. Do you think they will drop these ideas simply because we lost the war? Already German youth feels that if it could fight the war over again it would know better what to do. Yes, you Americans have a long-range problem. Have you a long-range solution?"

Have we? How will we solve this long-range problem?

Not through the use of one reader, a copy of which I have before me. On page thirteen of this reader, for instance, appears a poem which makes me wonder how thoroughly the officials entrusted with censoring the book, a poor reprint from a 1930 edition, studied it — or whether they could read German at all. A translation preserving the spirit of the poem runs as follows:

BUT HANS!

But, Hans, why are you crying?
Shame on you for making such a face.
Remember, little girls may cry,
But boys? Never. Not in any case.

You say that Fritz slapped you?
For Heaven's sake, why didn't you use
self-defense?
Did you forget you have a gun, a helmet,
and a sword?
Come, stop your tears. They don't make
any sense.

Shame, a big boy like you,
And such a tear-stained face.
Little girls may cry,
But boys? Never. Not in any case.

Will a poem like that change and improve the thinking of German children, imbued, as Dr. Fingerle indicated, with diabolically fanatic Nazi theories of surly bullying, Spartan endurance for the sake of the Party, *Lebensraum*, and power worship?

I don't think it will change the thinking of a boy like Martin, whom I met in the garden of the Hotel Hanselbauer at Bad Wiessee, south of Munich, months after the end of the war. He was playing with a self-made miniature German Army truck. I asked him why he was still playing at war, and was told he liked war.

"Did anyone ever tell you why we had this last war?" I asked the nine-year-old.

"Sure," said Martin. "We had war because we Germans are so *kriegslustig*. We love war."

"But you just lost a war!"

"Yes, and that was the fault of the damned Hitler."

"I see. And if you had been in control of the German General Staff, I suppose you would have conducted the war differently?"

"I certainly would," answered Mar-

tin, adopting a Napoleonic stance, putting his thumbs in his decorative Bavarian suspenders. "I would have surrendered much earlier."

"But then you would have lost the war much sooner."

"Yes, but I would have saved the German Army," said Martin.

"Saved the German Army? What for?"

"Why — we want to use it again, don't we?" asked Martin, amazed at my naïveté.

There are still millions of Martins in Germany today, among the teachers as well as the taught. I interviewed hundreds of instructors and found the same unrepentant nationalism among many of them. There was, for instance, Herr Philip von der Aue, in the burning town of Leiselheim, not far from Worms. We had come storming into the place on a warm spring morning. As a member of the Military Government team of Combat Command "B" of the Fourth Armored Division, I interviewed Von der Aue, former superintendent of schools, at length. Here is an excerpt of our conversation, as I wrote it down at the time.

"You just told me that you believe some day Germany will again be as great as it ever was. Is that right?"

"Yes. Germany will rise again."

"On what do you base that belief?"

"On historical precedent. History proves that Germany has a great destiny. At present it is our destiny to suffer. But it will also be our destiny to rise again."

"You are a teacher of history," I said. "If you should get back into a classroom, what would you teach your boys about this war?"

"That it will be Germany's destiny to be great again."

III

While the Martins and the Von der Aues continue to dream their heady dreams of resurgent power in the American zone, another government in Germany is working diligently and efficiently to remake Teutonic minds. The Soviet educational program is as inclusive as ours is fragmentary, as dynamic as ours is listless.

A few weeks ago, 500 men and women in their twenties gathered in the assembly room of the battered city hall in the Russian sector of Berlin. The young Germans forgot the ruins of Berlin and the unsatisfied hunger in their bellies as they listened to the warm, impassioned words of Herr Stadtrat Doktor Winzer, head of the *Volksbildungsamt*, the Berlin Office of National Enlightenment. With reverence and authority, Winzer was explaining the details of a new decree just issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Occupation Forces.

It is decreed, Winzer explained, that the German youth in the Russian zone must acquire a new and lasting understanding of democratic ideals. Soviet ideals and ideology are the only true democracy in the world today. These democratic ideals can be

inculcated in young German minds only if there are teachers who believe in the democratic ideals of the Soviet fatherland.

Ninety-five per cent of the former German teachers, he continued, have been declared politically unreliable, because of Nazi background. At present 40,000 teachers are employed in the Russian zone; most of these teachers are too old, the average age of the men being fifty-nine, of the women forty-nine. The Russian authorities, Winzer said, are calling for 30,000 new teachers. Ten thousand of these are intended for Berlin.

To procure these teachers, Winzer explained, the Russian government's new decree establishes teacher training schools. Within six months 2500 well indoctrinated graduates of these schools will begin work in German classrooms, the forerunners of a steady flow of pedagogues enlightened by Russian scholars.

Dr. Winzer congratulated the 500 young men and women on being the first class of this new training program.

During their eight-month training period, the student teachers will receive a monthly stipend of 150 reichsmarks from the Soviet government. After graduation, they will be assured of an adequate annual salary and a position of prestige and respect in the community.

The inauguration ceremonies were accompanied by persuasive front-page editorials in every Russian-controlled and Russian influenced newspaper about the necessity of the teacher

training and youth program, urging youth leaders to enroll in the new courses and help bring German children into the haven of Soviet democracy.

The project was only one evidence that the Russian authorities in Germany do have a long-range educational program which will, they hope, be so efficient and effective that within one generation, or two at the most, German youth will have become permeated by Soviet thought. Thus, Russian educators feel, can they establish permanent ideological control over the sector of Germany which they now rule by force of arms.

Other aspects of the Soviet educational plan were already well under way. In 10,000 schools in the Russian zone, teachers who had already convinced the Russian authorities of their communistic sympathies were instructing two and a half million German children, using twenty-eight different kinds of textbooks, all passed by the Russian inspectors. Most of the history classes are being postponed until such time as teachers can be given special instructions about teaching history in the new training courses. In most of these schools, a new foreign language is being taught: Russian. English and French are other choices, but few pupils care to express their sentiments in French or English — not in the Russian zone.

At the same time the Soviet authorities were making heroic efforts along additional lines to extend the grip of their schools on Germany's

youth. The entire complicated German school system is being streamlined by the Russians into four years of elementary school and four years of secondary school, thus breaking down the inequality that used to exist in Germany between so-called popular education and education for the more privileged classes. Meanwhile, in the same month when the teacher training institutes were inaugurated, the Russians opened night schools for those who can't attend in the daytime. These night schools offer all the credits of regular schools.

At the very moment when Winzer spoke to his prospective teachers, other young men and women were doing manual labor a few blocks away, clearing up the debris of the University of Berlin on Unter den Linden. In early April an American authority in Berlin admitted that this powerful university is dominated by the Russians; its subsidiary branches in the American, French and British zones have been virtually divorced from the parent institution and will be operated for other purposes.

In Saxony and Thuringia, liberated by Patton's Fourth Armored Division and then returned to the Russians, more than twenty famous old castles have been confiscated by the Soviet government to date. The most spacious of these, including the picturesque Castle Walda, near Grossenheim, will be used as Party schools to indoctrinate German youth with communistic ideals — democratic ideals according to the authorities.

Schools are only one of many mediums which the Russians are using to woo the loyalty and admiration of German youth and to pacify their muddled, restless minds. On every weekday, for instance, the Russian-controlled Berlin radio and Station D-Ess (*Deutschlandsender*) flood Germany with five special youth programs — two school programs piped into classrooms at 9 A.M. and 3:30 P.M., and three youth programs, at 12:45, 3:30, and 7 P.M. On Sundays special youth programs provide lectures, music and entertainment for young and old children. In Berlin, meanwhile, forty-nine different Russian films are being shown weekly. Children are urged to attend.

Even more direct indoctrination is accomplished by appeals to the German heart. On the same day that the prospective teachers gathered in the Berlin City Hall, an order went out from the Communist Party Headquarters across the street to all Youth Committees in Berlin — and their number is increasing weekly — to participate in a solemn procession to the graves of the martyred founders of the German Communist Party, Karl Liebknecht, and Rosa Luxemburg, in the Zentral Cemetery. The Nazis made it a crime to visit their graves; now the Communist Party had erected a new monument there. The youth of Berlin was commanded to attend the dedication ceremonies. Later the boys and girls stood at attention before a placard at the cemetery proclaiming in red letters: *Ich war,*

Ich bin, Ich werde sein (I was, I am, I shall be.) The *Deutsche Volkszeitung*, official organ of the Communist Party in Germany, carried a front-page picture of the event in the January 15, 1946 edition.

In the same week, as well, the Russians opened a new shrine in Berlin, this one for expectant mothers. It is the former prison cell of Rosa Luxemburg, at the prison for women in the Barnim Strasse. Here pregnant women can gather, memorize excerpts from Rosa's speeches, and meditate — just as pregnant, unmarried women used to meditate in the glorified cell which Adolf Hitler once occupied in the Landsberg Prison near Munich.

IV

While education — and indoctrination — forge ahead in the Russian zone, the poverty of American efforts is permitting a rising unrest to spread through German youth in our territory. Philip Mueller, the Rektor of Schools at Bad Homburg who has implored U. S. authorities to deal with this situation, pointed out to me in an interview that Germany's young has been so demoralized, its ideas of right and wrong so debased, that the postwar German teachers don't know what to do with them. He wondered why Americans did not give the German teachers some help, some constructive hints on how to control the rising danger, and how to interpret American wishes and policies.

All evidence that I could gather and

that has reached me since I left Germany indicates that the American officials entrusted with the re-education of the younger generation in Germany are either not as conscious of the importance of the problem as they should be, or they don't know how to solve it.

The Germans are conscious of our lack of interest in a phase of life which to them has always been almost sacred — education. Here, for instance, is a confidential report from an American source in Germany which at the moment can't be named:

Those Germans sympathetic to us, especially youth leaders, severely criticize our Military Government for lack of cooperation in providing American news magazines and literature which are anxiously desired by German readers. They cite the Russian youth leadership schools in operation through the Russian zone of occupation. The Russians, for example, plan to have selected German students study at the University of Moscow for one year beginning July 1, 1946. They cite also the British youth school which is scheduled to open in Hanover early in the summer of 1946.

They wonder what causes American indifference to these problems. They even criticize, and perhaps justly so, American movies of the *Maltese Falcon* type which to their minds are not educational, and represent an undesirable type of democracy. Many visualize that large scale murders through rings of gangsters represent the American way of life, but think pictures of this sort should not be shown to German youth.

We are not using motion pictures for re-education in Germany. Nor do we have special youth editions or

youth auxiliary pages in the newspapers in our zone, as for instance the Communist *Nacht Express* has. We do have a sketchy youth program on the air, but instead of coming from Radio Munich, the most important station in our zone, it comes from Radio Stuttgart. The Moscow-controlled Berlin station drowns it out consistently.

I talked to members of the State Department and to Civil Affairs officials in Washington about the lack of policy for German re-education. I was advised that eventually a policy will be set up for the re-education of the Germans, and that the War Department and the State Department will eventually cooperate in this. But just when this policy would materialize or how it would work nobody seemed to know.

I asked if the government could explain the indifference toward this vital question. I was told by several officials, who insisted that they must not be quoted, that they attributed the lack of action in this field to lack of unified public opinion in our country, lack of personnel in Germany, lack of a unified plan. But I also heard something else:

"I don't think we can change the tradition of the Germans, nor their thinking," one spokesman said.

Would we have won the war if this kind of defeatism had obsessed our thinking? Can we keep the peace with it?



OVERRULING GRAMMATICAL DON'TS

BY LILLIAN MERMIN

How's your grammar? Do you take it as it comes, or do you fuss over it? Are you uncertain of what's correct, or do you stake your life on the rules you've learned? Does a split infinitive scare you, or does it just embarrass you? Could you explain to anyone who asked you why it is that an infinitive shouldn't be split? Could you explain, for that matter, why it is that a sentence shouldn't end with a preposition? Or why "only" should always go next to the word it's supposed to modify? Or why a participle mustn't dangle? Or why "whose" can't refer to inanimate objects?

If you can, you've learned the old rules, all right. But if you follow them religiously, you're probably guilty of some not-so-perfect language.

The fact is that the experts are convinced language has a way of side-stepping rules and that there's little that can or should be done about it. Most of the so-called rules of grammar that we know today, they tell us, originated in personal taste—a few individuals during the latter half of the eighteenth century took it upon

themselves to set certain patterns of correctness, and their tune was taken up by a chorus of handbook and textbook authors during the last century who never stopped to question the validity of the laws they were perpetuating.

Studies of usage in recent years have shown that many of these laws need amending. Common-sense judgment, we are told, is more important than rule-by-rote. A grammatical rule is a general guide for effective speech and writing; if it serves this end, follow it; if it only interferes with the effectiveness of the language, making the reader or hearer more conscious of the physical correctness than of the meaning, ignore it.

Take, for instance, the following sentence:

Are you making efforts to improve your knowledge of the work or business you're in?

(Lester F. Miles, in *The Woman*, Sept. 1943.)

Is there any point in shifting to the meticulous "... of the work or business in which you are?" This sounds

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very awkward. If we attempt to balance it by tacking on some word like "engaged" at the end ("... of the work or business in which you are engaged") the result is just as bad. For we end up with a formal sentence instead of a natural and direct one, and the change makes for loss rather than gain. The original form certainly seems best.

A whole series of prepositions at the end of one sentence was recently quoted in the *Saturday Review of Literature*: A young boy calls down to his father, who is coming up the stairs, "What are you bringing that book that I don't want to be read to out of up for?" The child's question may represent a five-fold error to the traditional purist, but it would be interesting to see that sentence untangled with any improving result!

On the other hand, in some sentences it may be preferable or even essential to have the preposition come early, as in:

Matter was little lumps, of which the atom was the smallest.

(Thurman Arnold, *The Folklore of Capitalism*.)

Here the preposition at the end would give us, "... which the atom was the smallest of." Better stay conservative with this type.

We clearly can't depend on a set formula, then; the preposition can go afterward or beforehand, wherever it reads better.

And what about the question of not using "whose" for inanimate objects? Does it still seem valid? The reasoning

behind the rule was that "who" and "whom" refer to people, and therefore that "whose," which is equivalent to "of whom," is not correct when applied to things.

There are many cases, however, where "of which" would be awkward and where "whose" is a convenient substitute. This fact was pointed out over 150 years ago by some of the grammarians, who noted that "whose" made it possible to use one word instead of three ("the ... of which").

Take a look at the following sentence, for instance:

At the end of our day's march the ground, which until then had been perfectly flat, sloped gently down to a little shallow, shady river, whose transparent water flowed over a bed of white sand.

(André Gide, *Travels in the Congo*.)

Wouldn't it seem unreasonable to insist on an "of which" construction here? To do so would give "... of which the transparent water ..." (or worse yet, "... the transparent water of which ..."), disrupting the rhythm and destroying the mood it helps create. Yes, it seems clear that "whose" must also be accepted as the genitive of "which." Let's worry no more about it.

II

And "only"? The idea, remember, was that "only" should always be placed right next to the sentence element it was intended to modify. The reason for the rule was the desire to avoid ambiguity. Certainly a worthy

purpose. It would seem, though, that this logical reasoning has had an unsuccessful fight against the force of convenient speech.

There's something about "only" which has tended to put it before the verb even when the verb was not meant to be modified. And scholars have shown that good practice since the sixteenth century, both in speaking and writing, has used this preverbal position. Witness:

And now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.
(Matthew Arnold, *Dover Beach*.)

In reality we only have success and co-existence, and the "force" is something that we imagine.

(Havelock Ellis, *The Dance of Life*.)

There is no question of the meanings intended here, and it would obviously seem fatuous to insist that the "only" was misplaced.

How about the next example, however?

But I am tied to very thee,
By ev'ry thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.
(Sir Charles Seeley, *Song*.)

Isn't our poor swain limiting himself here? One would suspect that he cared more than just to "see" her face. What he really meant, of course, was "Only thy face . . .," "Only thy heart . . ." — though the rhythm is obviously not so effective. And this arrangement also carries the possible interpretation that it is only the face and only the heart he is interested in. That certainly won't do. How about

"Thy face only I care to see, Thy heart only I crave"? No, that's even worse. Tells the lady he's the only one that cares to see her face. Perhaps the safest way out would have been to forget about "only" and say "Thy face alone . . .," "Thy heart alone . . ."

Now that that's out of the way, here's an easy one:

. . . his theories, even if they are sound,
have only an academic interest now that
America itself is at war.

(Raoul de Roussy de Sales, *The Making of Tomorrow*.)

This obviously is the conservative position, and seems most appropriate on the ground of sentence rhythm. If the author had said, ". . . only have an academic interest . . .," there would be no question of the meaning and the arrangement would certainly have been acceptable. The present order, however, seems somewhat more effective from the viewpoint of sentence flow and emphasis.

The idea, then, is that "only" has no set position. It can come next to the element it modifies or away from it, depending on the needs of the particular sentence.

And now for the participle.

The rule, you'll recall, is that a participle should not be used at the beginning of a sentence unless it refers to the subject.

This rule, it is generally agreed, makes sense where the meaning conveyed is seriously inaccurate, as in:

Walking through the room, the book shelf suddenly appeared unfamiliar.

This of course gives the impression that the book shelf did the walking, and unless the scene were a haunted house, the impression is presumably unintended. One would therefore be quite justified in correcting the sentence to:

Walking through the room, *I thought* the book shelf suddenly appeared unfamiliar.

Or:

As I walked through the room, the book shelf suddenly appeared unfamiliar.

In some sentences, however, a dangling participle has no ambiguous effect on meaning and correction to a "proper" form would make the language stiff and unnatural. In such cases it is felt quite proper to ignore the rule, as in:

Applying these definitions to the system of our former examples: B-S is a true and, moreover, L-true, and descriptive interpretation of B-C.

(Rudolf Carnap, *Foundations of Logic and Mathematics*.)

There isn't much that can be done about that sentence, is there? (We can pretend to understand the grammatical structure, if not what the author is driving at.) O.K., then, let it stand.

In the following example, there is no confusion of subject but rather a lack of one:

Seeing their character, it was not difficult to imagine what concessions and promises each made quite inevitably to the business men and financiers who backed him and provided the machinery and funds for his campaign.

(Ludwig Lewisohn, *Upstream*.)

Obviously the meaning here is

clear, but a better expression might have been, "In view of" instead of "Seeing," or perhaps "... one could easily imagine ..." instead of "... it was not difficult to imagine ...". With either of those changes the sentence would have had a finished touch. As it is, the writing seems a little hurried — not quite polished.

III

For the last, let's take up the old favorite: never split an infinitive.

This rule, surprisingly enough, has had a much shorter life than most of the others. It has, however, been a willful youngster, whose power and authority were built up by doting disciplinarians. Appearing first in the nineteenth century, the restriction "took" with a wide number of insistent followers, who exhorted and fumed so convincingly as to leave their mark on several generations of writing conscience. In recent years, however, the dictatorship has given way. The importance of speech effectiveness has been recognized and the unworkability of a blanket rule admitted. Split infinitives are very natural in speech, for they put emphasis exactly where it comes in the train of thought, and this tendency has undoubtedly been a strong factor in turning the tide against the formal rule.

Modern opinion recognizes that infinitives may often want to be kept intact, but it holds that this aim must not be allowed to overshadow the

quality and meaning of the sentence. In other words, if the split form is natural and effective, use it. Don't let it scare you.

For instance, in such a sentence as:

I expect to come home soon

there is no problem. We would hardly be tempted to say, "I expect to soon come home," so we don't split and all is well.

However, in

Her visit will enable her to explain clearly the problems that are troubling us all

we have the unsplit form as one of three possible arrangements. We also could say, "... clearly explain ..." (split), which seems no better from the viewpoint of sentence rhythm than the form given, or "... clearly to explain ...," which is an example of a common way out used by persons conditioned against the split infinitive, but which usually seems quite self-conscious. This order often creates ambiguity at the same time — as it does here, making it uncertain what the "clearly" relates to. The present sentence, then, seems best with the unsplit form, with the adverb following the infinitive.

In this sentence,

If you want to really succeed, you must try the infinitive is split, and it seems perfectly desirable. If we attempted to unsplit it, the result would be, "If you want really to succeed ..." or "If you want to succeed really ..." — both of which seem self-conscious

and do not express the thought as well as the split form does. (We of course could also say, "If you really want to succeed . . .," but that brings in a change of meaning by putting the emphasis on the "want.")

In the same way, take a look at:

He opened his eyes to better enjoy the solemn moment.

(Archie Binns, *The Lightship*.)

Can anyone find fault with that sentence? It seems like the only effective way of saying what the author intended, and any other arrangement makes for confusion or artificiality. Just try the other possibilities:

- 1) He opened his eyes better to enjoy the solemn moment.
- 2) He opened his eyes to enjoy better the solemn moment.
- 3) He opened his eyes to enjoy the solemn moment better.

Doesn't every one of these seem inferior to the beautifully natural and smooth expression that the author has used?

The scrupulous avoidance of infinitive-splitting will often produce the kind of correctness that defeats itself, as the following sentence shows:

The bombing plane, combined with other new devices of mechanical destruction, is destined violently to shrink the number of nations with full sovereign rights.

(Stuart Chase, *The Road We Are Traveling*.)

Rather than create the unintended meaning of being destined violently, wouldn't it have been better to put the "violently" after the "to"?

In the same way, the following

example creates ambiguity by forcing "faithfully" next to "only":

Exclusively attached to the interests of the journal by which he is employed, and anxious only faithfully to chronicle the splendid achievements of the general and officers upon whom he depends largely for his comfort. . . .

(*Blackwood's Magazine*, quoted in *Encore* Aug. 1945.)

The split form could still have been avoided, if desired, by putting the "faithfully" after the infinitive instead of before it (" . . . to chronicle faithfully . . ."). As it is, the "correctness" doesn't seem to have accomplished very much.

Some writers are not so inhibited, and even feel free to put whole phrases between the component parts of the infinitive:

In the critical commentary which accompanies the pictures we . . . have tried —

and it has been hard at times! — to not too strongly show our prejudices.

(Rockwell Kent, *Introd. to World Famous Paintings*.)

Here, a "correction" would have given, ". . . not to show our prejudices too strongly," which would certainly be "accurate" but would miss the flow of the present arrangement.

The important thing, after all, is to recognize the individuality of sentences. They are not all alike, even though they may be of the same general type. No rule can be applied mechanically, and we have to know when rules should be broken. If we will remember that grammar has no reason for existence outside the effectiveness it can give to everyday speech and writing, we will stand a better chance of using it intelligently.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

Blacksnake

THE month of June is the season of nature's most evident flowering and fecundity. In no time, all the year around, is life quite stilled or its vital processes halted in arrest; but in the hot drowse of midsummer the life of earth is fat and sleepy, not stirring much, and in the bitter days of midwinter its processes run slow, numb, and silent; and in the intervening springs and autumns it is slowly gathering toward flood or slowly dwindling toward ebb. It is only June that presents nature in its moment of fulfillment and fruition. Now is the triumph of all things green and growing, of all things winged and furred and scaled and finned and earth-born and water-born. June needs the rough vigor of a colloquialism to describe it. It is the time when "everything is bustin' out all over." It is a time to make all palely cloistered and pessimistic philosophers wring their hands and bury their heads under their textbooks, for now nature is full of a soaring and sweeping and shouting that overwhelms all syllogisms and makes a riotous mock of all metaphysical niggings and prim despondencies. It is the custom of June to announce — to announce with a blue sky as violent as a bellow, and with great gouts and gushes of sperm

and sap, and with an upthrust of trees like reared cathedrals and an unwrapping of leaves like the unfurling of banners — that nature still keeps her ancient and immeasurable strength and health, and that all men joining her may join themselves as to the glory of a dance, a riot, and an army. It is not curious that so very many children are born in March.

June being what it is, so tumultuously powerful a demonstration and invitation, there are enticed into the outdoors in June great numbers of men and women who in all the rest of the year hardly stir over their thresholds or attempt any participation in the old naturalness of things. The most roof-smothered of men are tempted now to go and have a stare at the cumulus clouds that enchanted Theocritus, and even the clerkliest may take a fancy to hiking over the green meadows and prowling the ancestral forests. For some, it may turn out happily. Nature may present herself only under those relatively meek and neat aspects which gently inspire without startling. But it is far from always so. The unaccustomed wayfarer, venturing abroad in June for his annual brief experiment in the old adventure of being alive, may very

likely encounter not only bluebirds and meadowlarks — all melody and gentle felicity — but also the warty toad, the rattling and unanticipated eel-fish, the zooming dragon-fly, the lurching and disturbing skunk. With nature in her full flourishment, now, all kinds of lives are astir. To a great many of those lives there attach, in the minds of men not intimately familiar with them, all sorts of obscure terrors: remembrances from the nursery, recollections of folk-myths and superstitions, recalled warnings and cautionings. The terrible toad can give you warts; the dragon-fly may pierce and stitch you with its needle; the skunk has not only a fearful stench but is the sure bearer of hydrophobia.

It is safe to say that a great many June excursionists do not go outdoors again when the next June comes around, because, on their adventure into Eden, they have found a serpent in it. Very often, they have found a literal serpent. June is the season when, beneath the flat stones in sunny side-hill pastures and similar locations, there are being deposited in numbers the leathery eggs of blacksnakes. Any hiker or country wanderer, now, has at least a strong chance of an encounter with a blacksnake. Such is the body of general misinformation and alarming exaggeration about blacksnakes, that the experience may well drive him to take to the indoors again forever, resisting, in future years, even the powerful beckoning of the month of June.

Where dragon-flies are the subject

of only a single alarming fallacy (about the mythical use of their mythical “needles”), and toads are the subject only of the single fallacy about their imaginary capacity to bestow warts, the unhappy serpent called the blacksnake is the subject of frightening misapprehensions to the number of at least half a dozen. It is popularly understood that the size of the blacksnake is enormous. Specimens seven or eight feet long are considered to be hardly unusual. It is supposed that this immense reptile has a formidably ugly temper, and will go out of its way to make an attack upon a human being who ventures into its neighborhood. To make this proclivity the more alarming, there is the blacksnake’s alleged gift for extremely rapid movement. It is said that a running man can scarcely expect, except in the most favorable terrain, to elude this furiously gliding pursuer; and, should he stumble momentarily, he will surely be overtaken.

The mode by which the blacksnake assaults its victim is particularly hideous. The blacksnake (of which the Latin scientific name is *Coluber constrictor constrictor*) is by nature, obviously, a squeezer. It is represented that the power of its constriction is so considerable that when the reptile has wrapped a man’s arm or leg in its cold, scaly grasp, it can tighten its coils until it has rendered the member bloodless-white, in the manner of a terrible tourniquet. A very large blacksnake — one of the eight-foot ones, say — is fancied indeed to be able to

crush a man's arm to a pulp. Finally, the blacksnake is supposed, in addition to these terrible characteristics of a merely practical nature, to have at least two propensities that give it also a quality of the eerie . . . that final touch that is ever the completion of horror. The blacksnake has the gift of hypnotizing small animals and birds (and just possibly, by extension, susceptible human beings). It has also a queer and special antipathy to rattlesnakes. It is their dedicated enemy. Blacksnakes and rattlers are not found in the same territory. The blacksnakes seek out the rattlers, and — either because of a weird adroitness, or a special immunity to venom — are able to seize these other serpents and crush them lifeless.

II

It seems too bad that the outing of any June excursionist should be spoiled, and the refreshment of his spirit by a hearty and happy acquiescence in nature's June-spate impaired, by the shadow of such preposterous alarms as these. It seems worth while to expose with some thoroughness how groundless these allegations about blacksnakes are. Nature in any season, obviously enough, presents a man with a certain number of real perils. It is required, as one of the elementary conditions of all animal life, including the human, to exercise a certain alertness and prudence, and not to attempt to negotiate the adventure of life with a lackwit obliviousness to the genuine threats

and challenges in it. But it is surely undesirable (and productive of many of the nastiest fallacies of philosophic pessimism, since men grew estranged from living creaturely and close to the earth in animal adjustment) to multiply the actual hazards of existence with bugaboos and falsely dramatic increments of imagined peril. Nature, it may be, is stern. But nature is not a nightmare.

The length of a large adult blacksnake is commonly about five feet. On occasion, some specimens may achieve to six. If there have ever been individuals as much as seven and eight feet long, they must have been such extraordinary exceptions as any zoo or museum would be delighted to own for its collection.

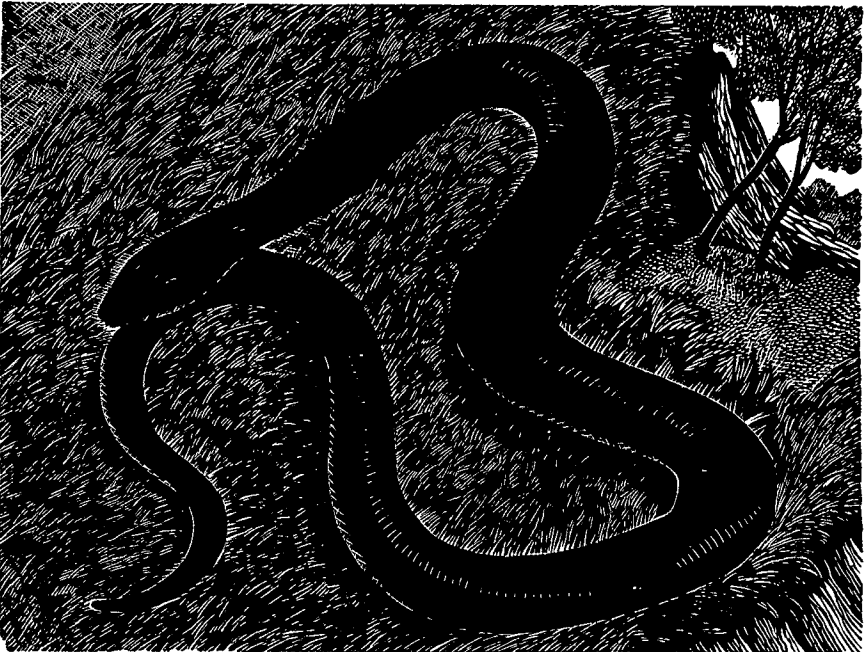
It is not the custom of blacksnakes, any more than of chipmunks or bluebirds, wilfully to make attack upon a human being. In point of fact, a blacksnake, like most wild things, has an overpowering terror of man. If a blacksnake can possibly escape, as a man approaches, it will generally do so. In the frightening allegation about the blacksnake's temper, there is only this much truth: that if the reptile is harried or cornered, or thwarted by a man's placing himself between it and its den, it may suddenly display a sufficient valiance to hold its ground and to strike. If the snake is actually caught, or pinned under a treading foot, it will fight with great vigor and hardihood. A bluebird or a sufficiently exacerbated chipmunk will do as much. It is quite true that a blacksnake,

detecting the imminence of danger, will rear in a posture that may look full of menace. But the snake is not looking for the handiest way to assault the human intruder. It is looking for the best way to bolt.

The speed of a blacksnake is indeed remarkably great. The reptile belongs to the snake-group called "racers," and it is one of the fastest serpents in the country. This truth loses a little of its strikingness, however, if it is remembered that the average speed of which most snakes are capable is very little over three miles an hour. By comparison with these, a blacksnake can dart and glide at a prodigious rate.

By its serpentine agility, it can often escape a man who is chasing it. But the man who could not out-run a pursuing blacksnake (supposing such to exist) were a fellow too decrepit to have gone outdoors at all.

The scientific name of the blacksnake is indeed *Coluber constrictor*. It is a fact insufficiently appreciated, however, that scientific names in natural history are not necessarily any more accurately descriptive than are popular names. Most of the birds called warblers do not warble; the glass-snake is not a snake but a lizard; white ants continue to be so called though they are not white and are not



Blacksnake

Frank Utpatel

ants. *Coluber constrictor* does not constrict. Blacksnakes feed nearly omnivorously on all sorts of small game, but it is their way simply to seize these and eat them. The dreadful wrapping and twining do not occur. The most that any blacksnake has been seen to do, to supplement the operation of seizing and swallowing, is occasionally — in the case of a particularly unmanageable and obstreperous mouse or frog — to lie upon it. It is an operation, in snake-fashion, no different from, or more sinister than, the pinioning of a mouse under a cat's restraining paw. The pulp-crushed human arm . . . the human leg encircled and benumbed by inexorable coils . . . these make a fine tale of romantic terror, but they do not happen.

There is no uncanny antipathy to rattlesnakes. There is no Svengali-gift for ensorcerizing, in an enchanted paralysis, the small beasts and birds of the field, or the larger human being who may wander there. A bird may flutter stupidly and dangerously before an approaching hay-rake or an approaching philosopher. There are not any mesmerists wearing fur, feathers, or snaky scales. And if a blacksnake may sometimes overcome and

devour a rattlesnake, that is only to say that a blacksnake (being, as has been said, nearly omnivorous) regards as appropriate fare any creature smaller than itself, and a small rattlesnake is not disdained. Chiefly a blacksnake takes frogs, mice, small partly-grown rabbits. It takes them as randomly, and, naturally speaking, as innocently, as a small boy may take fruits from a general orchard.

The June of the year is now shouting its tremendous invitation. The life of the world is being paraded, rioted, danced; and to the old deep animal-heart of men there is being called an ancient call. Here is the earth: good, glad, and running over with its juice and health. There are some perils out here, some sharp things. It is necessary to go alertly. But it is not necessary to go in a panic. That glinting gray-black snake, arrowing off through the underbrush, is not to say that life is under a doom. It is to say that life is abounding and triumphing. The blacksnake's belly is big with a dozen of leathery white eggs, pebble-textured and full of potency: the makings of a new litter of *Coluber constrictor*, which shall in time live out their lives, fulfilling and animally decent, under the good heat of the sun.



*I*t is not enough that you can form, nay, and follow, the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world. You must also know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.

— GREVILLE

THE ST. ALBANS RAID

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

AT HALF-PAST three on a fine October afternoon of 1864, the biggest story of his life broke under the nose of the editor of the *Daily Messenger* in St. Albans, Vermont, fifteen miles from the Canadian border. The minute it broke the editor knew it was one hell of a big story, for Main Street was full of noise, bullets sang past his window, and a man stumbled into his sanctum streaming blood. But even then he could not possibly have realized how truly big the story was, for he had no way of knowing that the Civil War was having its northernmost battle on the streets of St. Albans, 600 miles from the capital of the Confederacy.

The St. Albans Raid was once the talk of the nation. It sent a shiver of fear through the North, and Confederate bards put it into folksong. Why it is so largely forgotten today is one of the mysteries of historical literature.

The raid had its inception in a special order, dated June 16, 1864 at Richmond and signed by James A. Seddon, Secretary of War for the Confederate States of America. The order was vague. It authorized Lieutenant Bennett H. Young to "organize for special service a company not to exceed twenty in number from

those who belong to the service and are at this time beyond the Confederate States." The remainder of the order dealt with pay, rations, and so on.

Lt. Young had just returned to Richmond after escaping from a federal prison. He had been one of Morgan's hard-riding raiders since he left Center College, Danville, Kentucky, to fight for the South, and had been captured in 1863. He had been held in Camp Chase, Ohio, then at Camp Douglas, Chicago, whence he made a daring escape. He now told Rebel officers at Richmond that a few determined men might stage mass escapes of southern prisoners held in poorly-guarded northern camps. The plan sounded good to the brass hats. Young was told to pick his men from escaped prisoners in Canada — where many hundreds had fled — and to organize attacks and uprisings in such prison camps as he thought easiest to crack. Young was twenty-one, and he must have been very bold.

The Canada of 1864 was trying to sit on the fence where the Yankees' imbroglio was concerned, but the Dominion was infested with a considerable number of Confederate agents, as well as escaped prisoners.

Most of the agents had money to spend. With their courtly manners, and by much entertainment, they managed to work up a good deal of sentiment for the South.

Lt. Young had his pick of the expatriate Rebs. He selected his twenty men with care; mostly they were ex-cavalry men, several from his own troop of Morgan's Horse. For a time he worked on a scheme for an attack on Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, Ohio, where a large federal prison camp was situated, but word of this leaked out and it was abandoned.

Either Young or his superiors then figured on a plan to raid Yankee cities near the Canadian border. It was thought that such forays would serve to demoralize communities far behind the lines of war. A raid here, a town burned there might worry the Yankee generals into thinking the South had mobilized a considerable force in Canada, and Yankee troops, then pressing the South so hard, would be deflected to protect the international boundary.

II

On Saturday, October 16, four personable but quiet young men registered at the American House on the Main Street of St. Albans. Traders from Montreal, they said, over to do a little buying. They strolled around town, going into the stores and banks, but attracting little attention. They seemed shy of townspeople. On Saturday night perhaps half a dozen more

strangers checked in at the American House. On Sunday four or five other travelers took lodgings at a boarding house near the center of town. A number of new faces appeared at services in the Congregational church that day.

Yankee life in a Vermont village continued as usual throughout Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday morning. St Albans was a busy trading center, with three banks and all kinds of stores. Wednesday morning was about average for business. At exactly half-past three the raiding parties struck simultaneously all over town.

Albert Sowles, cashier of the First National Bank, was alone in his place of business except for old General John Nason, aged eighty, who sat reading a copy of the *Springfield Republican* which told of Vermont troops fighting against Rebels at far-off Cedar Creek — way to hell-and-gone somewheres. As the bank clock struck the half hour Sowles looked up to see three men in greatcoats entering the bank. They drew large navy revolvers and advanced. General Nason was absorbed in his paper.

"We are Confederate soldiers," one of the men announced briskly to the unbelieving cashier. "We've come to give you a taste of your General Sherman's idea of war." While the speaker kept Sowles covered the other two men ran around the counter and into the vault where they hurriedly threw bonds, currency, and greenbacks to the value of \$58,000 into haversacks which they wore under their big coats. Old General Nason looked up

from his paper to contribute the only bit of humor recorded that day. "Who are these gentlemen?" he cackled. "Seems to me they are rather rude in their behavior." It was, as Cashier Sowles remarked later, quite an understatement, even for a Vermonter. Just as the three raiders were filling their sacks with money, William H. Blaisdell, a St. Albans merchant, came into the bank. He took in the scene at a glance and went into action. Grabbing the nearest robber, he threw him to the floor. They rolled over and Blaisdell looked up and into the tunnel-like mouth of a revolver. No shots were fired in the bank. "We're not killers," a raider said, "and we're not robbers. This money is for the Confederacy." Still incapable of believing the Civil War had come to Vermont, the cashier, merchant, and old soldier were marched across the street to the village green, where a number of citizens were already guarded by more armed strangers in greatcoats.

At half-past three in the St. Albans Bank, farther down Main Street, were Cyrus Bishop, assistant cashier, and Martin Seymour, clerk. Three strangers came in, pulling guns as they entered. In a flash Bishop jumped up and ran to the directors' room, slamming the door shut. While the others covered Seymour, a raider ran after Bishop and forced the door. Bishop was forced to open the safe. The bank's front door then opened to admit a Mr. Breck of the local firm of Breck and Wetherbee who entered with \$400 in currency in his hand.

"Right over here, mister," commanded a raider, pointing his gun. "I'm taking deposits today." He snatched the money.

Working fast, and with remarkable coolness, the robbers collected currency totaling \$73,522 and stuffed it into bags they wore under their coats. While this was going on one of the strangers gave a brief dissertation on the justness of the southern cause. He wagged his big revolver at his prisoners and had them repeat after him what he said was the "Confederate oath of loyalty." Then the raiders herded the three men into the directors' room, locked the door, and departed.

Much the same sort of thing also took place at half-past three in the Franklin County Bank, also on Main Street. Marcus Beardsley, cashier, was settling an account for some wood-sawing with one Jackson Clark when four raiders entered and waved their guns. They quickly gathered some \$70,000 in greenbacks and various kinds of currency, put the two men into the vault, and turned the bolts.

At the livery stable operated by William & E. D. Fuller half a dozen strangers — some thought they numbered ten — appeared at the stable door, each armed with a gun. They told the hostler to bring all the horses out of the stalls and to be quick about it. They grabbed bridles and what few saddles they could find and slapped them onto the animals in a manner that showed they knew horses.

By now thirty or forty citizens were

being held under guard on the village green by armed men on horseback. The raid had been a fearful surprise and for a few minutes all St. Albans seemed paralyzed. It looked as if these Sesesh devils would make a clean getaway, so perfect had been their timing.

Coming down Main Street at this moment was George P. Conger, lately captain in the First Vermont Cavalry, home on leave from the wars. Bennett Young was in the street directing his men. Noting the military Conger and seeing in him a potential troublemaker, Lt. Young took him into custody and put him on the green with the other citizens. Conger wasn't a prisoner long. Making a dash for the American House that faced the green, he disappeared as a rash of bullets shattered windows and chipped bricks. Coming out on the back side of the hotel, he ran down Lake Street, setting up the alarm, yelling for everybody to get weapons and attack the robbers.

Things now began happening. Revolvers, shotguns, even muskets of 1812 came out of shed chambers and out of closets as the townsmen rallied. Conger himself got a rifle somewhere. Coming around one end of the American Hotel he opened fire on Young. Firing became general. Windows around the square puffed black smoke and dull-red flame. A raider was seen to lurch on his horse, then steady himself. E. J. Morrison, building contractor, clutched at his stomach, then stumbled into the *Daily Messenger* office, bleeding horribly. Printers

picked him up and carried him under fire to Dutcher & Sons Pharmacy.

Collins H. Huntington, citizen, fell on the street while exchanging shots with the raiders. Lorenzo Bingham received a flesh wound. Bullets zipped into the doorway of the *Messenger* office, and the editor and printers fled. The front of Miss Beattie's women's shop was peppered. The windows of A. H. Munyan's store tinkled and crashed. Little Johnny Branch, town boy, saw that the air over the village green was heavy with the smoke of black powder.

Young conducted the raid as well as his old commander, General Morgan, could have done. When his men had all reported to the green, he gave the command to ride. With bullets whining mean and close they galloped north on Main Street and out of town. Canada was their goal, at least twenty miles by road. In their haversacks they carried more than \$200,000. Capt. Conger took command of the local situation. With a few other armed citizens he rode out of town in pursuit, followed at an interval by more townsmen, mounted on what horses they could find. Conger's small posse had good horses. They galloped on in a chase that would have made excellent cinema. At the village of Sheldon they rode over a bridge that had been fired by the escaping mob and was flaming good and plenty. A nearby house and barn had also been set afire.

The raiders did not pause at the customs and immigration stations at the border. They jammed into Canada.

Nor did Conger let international laws stand in his way. He and his crew were hot on the raiders' tails, and near the hamlet of Slab City, on the Canadian side, they pressed the raiders so closely that several leaped from their winded horses and ran into the woods. The others continued on toward Montreal.

III

Back in St. Albans panic broke out. Incendiary fires were found smoldering in the American House, in a business block, in several stores. Rumors spread that the raid was but an advance party of a vast Confederate army. Telegrams were sent to the Secretary of War in Washington, to Vermont's governor at Montpelier, asking for immediate military aid to repel the coming invasion. The casualties weren't many. In St. Albans, three citizens had been wounded, one fatally. It was learned later that four of the raiders had been hit; one died. A company of troops came from Burlington. St. Albans citizens, as well as people of other border towns in Vermont, formed companies of home guards who served as patrols for several weeks. But no further raids occurred.

The raid on St. Albans brought on international complications. Yankees, including the doughty Capt. Conger, had crossed the border, arrested ten raiders, and made an attempt to return them by force to Vermont. Canadian authorities prevented this, and put the Confederate raiders into protective custody in Montreal.

Now began a court battle to extradite the "villainous robbers and murderers," as St. Albans and other Yankee newspapers designated the raiders. All over the North the press thundered for their return to Vermont. In the midst of it, Lt. Young wrote a humorous letter to the editor of the St. Albans *Messenger*, enclosing three dollars for a subscription and giving his address as "Montreal Jail." Another raider wrote a long letter to Landlord Skinner of the American House enclosing "my check for five dollars in payment for my room, which I neglected to settle for because of the bustle and excitement which accompanied my business in your fair city." This lad must have enjoyed his stop in St. Albans, for he asked the landlord to give his warmest regards to the fascinating "young lady who occupied the room adjacent mine."

Canadian authorities realized that if the raiders were returned to Vermont they were assured of a speedy drum-head court-martial and a good hanging. After a long time, and two trials, the fourteen apprehended raiders were discharged on the grounds that they were belligerents of a foreign nation at war. The court returned \$86,000 of the booty found on the captured men. What became of the rest of the swag isn't clear, but most of it doubtless was used for or by the Confederacy; and in April 1865, the Canadian Parliament appropriated \$70,000 in gold which was turned over to the three St. Albans banks.

As soon as they were released the

fourteen men scattered, to return to the South as best they could. Lt. Young got safely back to his homeland, but the end of the war found him in bad straits. His notoriety was so great that he was, like certain other prominent Rebels, excluded specifically from President Johnson's amnesty proclamation. Young lived abroad until 1868, then returned to his native Kentucky to practice law in Louisville and become well known as a corporation lawyer and railroad official. President Hayes sent him to France as commissioner to the Paris Exhibition. In 1897 he delivered an oration over the Confederate dead at Camp Chase, Ohio, the first of its

kind north of the Mason-Dixon's line. Active in old soldiers' groups, he was elected president of the United Veterans of Kentucky and was called "General." Half a century after the raid he visited Montreal — but not St. Albans. Here he met and talked with the few oldtimers who recalled his incarceration and trial.

General Young died February 23, 1919, aged 76. Although his exploit might well rank him with Ethan Allen and Lt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, it is known to almost no one outside Vermont and Kentucky, where a few slickers still use the raid to win an easy bet about "the most northerly battle of the Civil War."



Phrase Origins — 3

HOBSON'S CHOICE: This is a choice without an alternative; either you take what is offered or you get nothing. Thomas Ward (1577-1639) wrote the following lines in his book, *England's Reformation*:

"Where to elect there is but one,

'Tis *Hobson's choice* — take that or none."

Sir Richard Steele explained and probably immortalized the expression in the October 14, 1712 issue of *The Spectator*: "Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression . . . was a carrier . . . the first in this Island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips . . . When a man came for an horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. From whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say *Hobson's Choice*."

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

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Theodore Dreiser

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

TO APPRECIATE Theodore Dreiser's posthumous novel, *The Bulwark*,¹ we must see it in relation to his life and the body of his work. Certainly it is not the best of his novels, but it is a remarkably appropriate climax to his career. Taken by itself, it would add little to his reputation as a novelist, but it compels us to revise upward our estimate of the man.

The Bulwark is the story of a Quaker boy who grows up in the outskirts of Philadelphia, works hard, prospers in the banking business, marries the girl of his choice, raises a family, and wins an enviable position in the community. Only as his children approach maturity is this Solon Barnes confronted with problems to which the moral code of the Friends seems inadequate. One son and one daughter achieve conventional success, but Solon is too astute to believe that they have found the inner peace known to himself and his wife. The other three children are overt rebels, and all of

them have their difficulties, with the youngest blundering into tragedy. Solon's faith is assailed by these disasters, but in the end doubts are dispelled and faith triumphs.

Although the emphases and conclusions seem almost startlingly new, the theme is that to which the whole of Dreiser's career was devoted. His great problem was always the problem of values, and, in particular, the problem of the inadequacy of the middle-class morality of the nineteenth century. He had been taught by his sternly Catholic father to work hard, live austere, and expect his reward in the hereafter. In the world of his young manhood, he quickly discovered, most people did not live by these standards. What standards, he asked himself, did they live by, and what happened to them in the end? The questions never ceased to fascinate him.

Dreiser's contemporary, Lincoln Steffens, always talked about "my life of unlearning." Every generation has its share of unlearning to do, but per-

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haps Americans born in the 1860's and 1870's had more than ordinary difficulty in reconciling the world they grew up in with the account their parents and preceptors had given them of the world as it should be.

At least for public purposes Lincoln Steffens regarded the process of disillusionment as comedy. To Dreiser it was almost unmitigated tragedy. There was a difference in the economic situations of the Steffenses and the Dreisers, and a striking difference in the relations between parents and children. Perhaps, too, Steffens' study of ethics and philosophy helped to soften the shock. Dreiser had to make his own philosophy out of experience and accidental reading, without the straw of formal education. It is not surprising that the confused materialism at which he arrived seemed to him less satisfying than the emphatic certainties of his father's generation.

In *The Bulwark* Dreiser did something that he had never tried to do before and that psychologically he could not have done until time had completed his emancipation. The book, that is, portrays the values of the older generation from its own point of view. Because of this, the first part of the story is quite new. Here is a Dreiserian hero who believes what his parents teach him and sets his feet firmly on the path to respectability and wealth. Solon loves but once, marries the object of his love, and cherishes her until her death. A quiet, earnest, untroubled boyhood leads to a purposeful and, for some years, happy maturity.

In the second part of the novel, however, all the familiar motifs appear. The girls re-enact, in milder versions, the rebellions of Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt. Stewart, the youngest child, has all of Clyde Griffiths' longing for excitement and luxury, and, like Clyde, is the victim not only of his passions but also of an ironic and Hardy-esque accident. Certain of Solon's business associates are cut from the same piece of goods as Frank Copperwood, and Etta's lover is blood-brother to Eugene Witla. Here, in short, is the unvarying Dreiserian drama: arrayed on one side are the ideals of pious, moralistic parents, who do not understand their children; on the other are the temptations of luxury and the consequent urge to get money by ruthlessness or dishonesty, together with the temptations of sex.

Dreiser's sympathetic portrayal of the older generation endows the conflict with a poignancy that one cannot feel in his earlier novels. His climax, moreover, goes beyond mere neutrality. Throughout most of the latter part of the book, Dreiser emphasizes Solon's narrowness, and the reader takes the side of Etta and even Stewart against their father, but the conclusion redresses the balance. When Solon sees a beautiful fly eating a beautiful bud — an episode that must have been intended to remind the reader of Copperwood's famous meditation on the lobster and the squid — he is overcome with awe and wonder. "Surely," he thinks, "there must be a Creative Divinity, and so a purpose, behind all

this variety and beauty and tragedy of life." In his business life Solon has remained true to his ideals at no small cost. In his relations with his family he has failed, but he faces his failures and tries to learn from them. Dreiser knew that the central problem remained unsolved, but he was nevertheless determined to make us appreciate Solon's personal triumph. Solon's faith is stronger than ever at the end, and the dignity of his death humbles the more sensitive of his children.

II

Did Dreiser get religion before he died? Those who were close to him in the last year of his life say that, in some sense or other, he did. There is something warmly personal in his description of Solon's reaffirmation of faith, and one gathers from Mrs. Tjader, his secretary, that Dreiser originally intended to have Solon die a disillusioned man and decided to restore his hero's faith only as his own was awakened. What he believed in is difficult to say, but the novel suggests that he had arrived at a kind of pantheism that he found emotionally satisfying. Dreiser, as he once observed, was always confused. Although for many years he thought of himself as a materialist, there is not a clear statement of materialism in any of his books, and there are dozens of passages that are quite irreconcilable with any form of naturalism. His political career was a succession of inconsistencies, crowned by the farce of his joining the Com-

munist Party a few months before he died. Every book in which he attempted to give a formal account of his views, from *Hey Rub-a-dub-dub* to *America Is Worth Saving*, is a congeries of contradictions.

In spite of all this, however, Dreiser came close to the root of several important matters. In the first place, he sensed more deeply than any other novelist the psychological consequences of the growth of large cities in America. Few writers have felt more keenly the excitement of the great city, or yearned more passionately for the urban fleshpots, and yet it is pre-eminently Dreiser who shows us the city as the destroyer of values. He knew as well as anyone the faults of the small communities, but he also knew that in such communities men had developed a way of life that brought some degree of security and satisfaction. The theme is developed early in *Sister Carrie*, and it recurs in every novel thereafter. Again and again Dreiser said in effect, "I cannot live by these standards, but men have lived by them, and it remains to be proven whether there are other standards that make a fruitful life possible." Because the industrialization and urbanization of America are such vast phenomena and so pervasive in their influence, we tend to ignore them as we ignore the climate, but they constitute the great revolution of modern times, more important than any political change, and Dreiser felt the impact of this revolution in every corner of his being.

In the second place, despite his failure to formulate a clear statement of naturalism, he never got very far away from the crux of the naturalistic problem. If one disregards all the verbose nonsense about "chemic forces" and the rest, one finds a resolute attempt to see human life as an integral part of a vast and only partly comprehensible natural process. The early materialists sought to reduce psychology to biology and biology to chemistry, and in his vocabulary and sometimes in his thinking Dreiser borrowed their concepts, but he was never satisfied, and though his dissatisfaction often led him into extravagant mysticism, it also kept his attention focused on the human being as such. There is a passage in *Sister Carrie*, muddy but interesting, in which he struggles with the problem of freedom of the will, and in the upshot agrees with the best of the naturalistic philosophers that freedom lies in the understanding of necessity. Dreiser felt strongly and portrayed fully the power of the inner and outer forces by which men are pulled this way and hauled that. His own life was not a life of reason, and few of his characters are reasonable beings. Yet they are always more than the total of the forces that drive them.

Finally we must say a word about Dreiser's humanitarianism. During his lifetime he supported a variety of causes, and, whatever mistakes he may have made, his indignation against injustice did rest firmly on his sense of the dignity of the individual human

being. There are no contemptible persons in Dreiser's novels. Although at times he professed a Nietzschean scorn of the masses, and stated as a biological fact that less than 3 per cent of the population was capable of thinking, his sympathies were quickly roused, and he instinctively made the best case possible for any person he wrote about. Perhaps one reason why he made Solon Barnes a Quaker is that the Friends have always been the most generously humanitarian of the Christian sects. At any rate the quotations from John Woolman's *Journal* do not seem incongruous on Dreiser's pages. One could no more ask Dreiser for a program of reform than one could ask him for a system of philosophy, but he did have charity.

"I catch no meaning from all I have seen," Dreiser wrote some twenty years ago, "and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed." Perhaps he changed in the last year or two, and felt both less confusion and less dismay. I am not sure, however, that too much importance should be attached to his conversion. What is important is that, in spite of all his vagaries, he remained true in essentials to the insights that were vouchsafed him.

III

Dreiser was a bewildered man, but he had the strength to bear his bewilderment. There is nothing new to be said about his style, for everyone recognizes its faults and almost everyone knows that they grew out of the man's

basic qualities. Most novelists, if they have any skill with words, are tempted to say more than they know, but Dreiser, whose least encounter with the American language took on the appearance of a wrestling match, stubbornly refused to go beyond himself. I am not trying to suggest that good writing is a vice, but merely that Dreiser's awkwardness was integrally related to his tremendous honesty. Even his banalities do not seem the product of laziness but, rather, the desperate gestures of a man for whom mere words will never suffice.

The Bulwark has all of the old clumsiness, but what is the essentially Dreiserian style is somehow exhibited in a purer vein than ever before. The writing is so commonplace that it becomes austere and even dignified. There are plenty of the old trite phrases, and there are a few pretentious passages, but for the most part the novel is written with a simplicity that begins by being annoying and ends by being impressive. Dreiser never told a story better than in *The Bulwark*.

Yet I have said that *The Bulwark* is not the best of his novels, and in some ways it seems to me the poorest. Certain of his qualities are heightened in the book, but one of the most important of his attributes scarcely makes itself felt, and the novel suffers sharply as a result. What one misses is the sense of a time and a place. Can anyone forget the description of Fitzgerald and Moy's bar in *Sister Carrie* or the account of the Green-

Davidson Hotel in *An American Tragedy*? Dreiser's documentation was laborious, and he relied on the piling up of detail, but he got his effect. In *The Bulwark*, on the other hand, the background is invariably a little vague, whether the scene is Solon's bank or Isobel's college or Etta's Greenwich Village. It has always been easy to make fun of Dreiser's concern with trivialities, but the truth is that the commonplace was not commonplace to him and that he could make it fresh and vivid to us. One came to know his people through the minutiae of their lives, and it is strange to read a book of his in which the figures are almost as removed from the vulgar circumstances of place and time as the characters of Henry James.

The explanation lies, at least in part, in the way in which the book was written. Mrs. Tjader tells us that it was begun as early as 1910 and that there were four or five early versions. When Dreiser took up the story again in the winter of 1945, he and Mrs. Tjader pieced the first part of the novel together out of the various fragments, and he then wrote and dictated the last third of the book. As a result, there is a very real uncertainty as to the period in which the action is taking place. The incidents of the latter part of the story are said to occur in the twenties, but there are a hundred details that belong to the years before the first World War. Even, however, if Dreiser had completely revised the novel or had

written it afresh, I doubt if he could have documented it as he documented the earlier novels, for by the twenties he was the great American novelist and no longer immersed in the life of the people.

The Bulwark, at least in its final version, was the work of an old man, and its most moving pages portray the old age and death of Solon Barnes. Dreiser has portrayed pathetic old men before now. Solon, however, is not merely pathetic; he is meant to be and is a triumphant figure. As he rises above the vicissitudes of fate by virtue of his inner resources, one believes in his triumph whether or not one believes in the Inner Light.

Whatever its philosophical implications, *The Bulwark* is certainly a rejection of naturalism as a literary theory. Dreiser, it is true, occasionally uses such characteristic phrases as "the import of sex as a force" and "the chemically radiated charm of her," and he even talks about Solon's "psychic religiosity," but these are mere matters of habit or, more probably, vestigial remains of an earlier version, for there is no serious attempt to explain anybody's behavior in terms of physics, chemistry, or biology.

The Bulwark might, indeed, be regarded as the death knell of literary naturalism. It was always a misbegotten theory. However enthusiastically Zola endorsed the formulas of Claude Bernard, he never in practice limited himself to them, and he would have been a mere parody of a novelist if he had. Dreiser owed more to

Balzac than he did to Darwin, Spencer, and Haeckel, and even if he had had a more extensive and accurate knowledge of nineteenth century science, he still would not have been able to make great practical use of it. The theorists of naturalism held that the novel could become scientific, but the novelists, fortunately, knew better. Some of the wiser ones took from science what proved to be useful, but they found in science something to add to their art, not a substitute for it. In this country at least naturalism was chiefly a justification of a frankness that was not palatable to middle-class morality. Now that that battle is won, there is not much need for further talk about naturalism.

Dreiser in any case could never be brought comfortably within the naturalistic fold, no matter how hard academicians tried, and it is perhaps as well that *The Bulwark* has come along to make the attempt obviously futile. Even *The Financier* and *The Titan*, which he probably thought of as naturalistic, are Nietzschean rather than Darwinian.

Dreiser was Dreiser and not the exemplar of some theory. He was the lost, bewildered man of the turn of the century, caught between science and faith, between city and town, between the economics of monopoly capitalism and the economics of small-scale competition. With the most painful honesty he set forth the dilemmas of his generation and, by stating what he knew about men, said something about man.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 645)

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

POPULATION AND PEACE IN THE PACIFIC, by Warren S. Thompson. \$3.75. *Chicago*. This is two different books at once. It is a calm survey, chapter by chapter and locality by locality, of the economic and demographic situation throughout south and east Asia, Australia, and Oceania. It is also a disturbing interpretation of that situation in terms of future peace. About his abundant data, graphs and tables, this distinguished authority weaves a somber argument. The people of India, China and Japan are entering an era of unprecedented population expansion. In the next four or five decades their numbers will multiply far beyond the potential means of industrial or agricultural support. Combined with gradually increasing economic power, this explosive population pressure may well set off another war. Mr. Thompson argues cogently for liquidation of colonialism and asks that the overcrowded peoples be permitted to migrate to some of the currently underpopulated colonial areas. Of course, this is not a lasting solution: he acknowledges that such migration cannot reach adequate proportions. A book of major importance.

SUCCESS ON THE SMALL FARM, by Haydn S. Pearson. \$2.50. *Whittlesey House*. The core of this book is that with ten fertile acres, a small amount of common sense and six months concentrated work a year, a man can work up a tidy \$3000 annual income. Set in a solid matrix of don'ts, the text gives general instructions for selecting a farm and the laying out of diversified crops. The author believes firmly in the value of several small specialty crops and a roadside stand to dispose of them.

THE GREAT RETREAT, by Nicholas S. Timasheff. \$5.00. *Dutton*. The hard and fast dic-

tatorship in Russia today, the strictly ordered caste system, the state-controlled industries which refuse to do business with capitalist firms — all these according to Mr. Timasheff are manifestations of a Soviet program aimed at an eventual democracy. "The great retreat" of the title is the retreat from Marxism, through dictatorship, to national congeniality and proportional representation. The significance of the author's undoubted scholarship and thorough job of documentation unfortunately suffers somewhat from his questionable optimism.

THE CASE AGAINST THE ADMIRALS, by William Bradford Huie. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Mr. Huie makes a vigorous plea for "a single, flexible, progressive war organization, supersensitive to scientific development, if we are to safeguard our nation in a restive world." The Navy is now the chief obstacle to unification, says Mr. Huie, and he points out in considerable detail that Navy obstructionism is an ancient problem — Navy brass opposed the development of strategic air power before and after Pearl Harbor, and it "insisted upon, and thus [was] at least partially responsible for, the outmoded, wasteful and inefficient dual organization with which we entered and fought the war."

VALUES FOR SURVIVAL, by Lewis Mumford. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. A collection of papers on such subjects as the corruption of liberalism, the responsibilities of teachers and the resurrection of German democracy. Mr. Mumford is out for nothing less than a moral reawakening of a civilization which he is inclined to consider on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy and physical annihilation. Technology, specialization, social irresponsibility and utopianism are a few of the dragons at which he aims his lances, usually with telling effect. Yet behind his fervid exhortations for a moral regeneration, it is hard to find

much more than the turgid rhetoric of a frightened man. If we must purge our values, we must also systematize them; if we must use them, we must know how to implement them. Mr. Mumford pauses for neither philosophical synthesis nor practical application. In their absence, his emotionalism betrays him time and again, as when he pleads for a moratorium on science.

CONCEPT OF THE CORPORATION, by Peter F. Drucker. \$3.00. *John Day*. After spending eighteen months snooping around the General Motors empire at the Company's request, this agile economist has come up with a report on the needs, problems and function of big business in America. He adopts a generally favorable attitude toward GM practices and frequently contrasts them with prevailing industrial tendencies. The main point of the book, though, lies elsewhere — in analyzing the capacity of the corporate organization in general to satisfy the requirements and hopes of American society. Mr. Drucker thinks it can, especially if it loosens itself up through decentralization and adopts specific reforms in personnel policy. He concludes with a weighty defense of free enterprise.

HISTORY

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN LOYALTY, by Merle Curti. \$3.00. *Columbia*. This is a history — indeed it is the first history — of patriotism in the United States. It dissects the ideas and symbols which Americans most commonly have associated with love of homeland, and surveys the enormous variety of causes and conflicts in which men have invoked the sanction of that love. One of our foremost historians, Professor Curti has a cool detachment that will endear him to neither tub-thumpers nor debunkers. A conspicuous restraint marks his judgments. In some ways the book seems too limited: for example, the author presumes a distinction between patriotism and nationalism, yet never elucidates it. Nevertheless, he has written a discerning and informative account of what patriotism has meant to different people at different times.

FRANCE: A Short History, by Albert Guerard. \$3.00. *Norton*. This is more a longish, emotional editorial upon France, "without which the

world would be darker," than a straightforward history. Dr. Guerard, who is professor of general literature and lecturer in the history of French culture at Stanford University, knows France as few others know it, and he sticks pretty close to the facts, but he doesn't seem to be above "slanting" contemporary history. For example, he speaks of British and French appeasement of Germany in 1939, but has no similar adjective for the Russo-German pact. On the contrary, he says that the western democracies "had forfeited the support of Russia; they had antagonized their own leftist elements."

GERMANY TRIED DEMOCRACY: A Political History of the Reich From 1918 to 1933, by S. William Halperin. \$3.75. *Crowell*. A staccato, blow-by-blow chronicle of the rise and fall of the Weimar Republic. As the subtitle implies, Dr. Halperin sticks pretty closely to parliamentary maneuvers, elections, putschs, and diplomacy. Fundamentally sympathetic toward the aspirations of the Social Democrats, he sees their shortcomings and confusion too. There is no cavalier theorizing, no easy diagnosis of the "German soul" here. At a time when a second experiment in democratizing Germany is under way, the plain, detailed, unvarnished record of the first makes fascinating reading.

ECLIPSE, by Alan Moorehead. \$2.75. *Coward-McCann*. The total eclipse of the Third Reich is the theme of this book; the author's own observations of people, places and war from Sicily to Norway is its framework. A British correspondent with an unusually perceptive eye for color and an exceptional sensitivity to mass psychology, Mr. Moorehead makes some keen observations in words that have force and beauty. His judgments on the conduct of the war are interesting too, but not as incisive.

FICTION

MEMOIRS OF HECATE COUNTY, by Edmund Wilson. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. This is a series of six "interrelated chronicles" about suburbia, written in the first person. The five shorter ones, dealing with freaks, failures and the spoiled rich are dull, poorly written and mainly pointless. The longest story, "The Princess with the Golden

Hair" — it runs to 160 pages and occupies half the book — deserves more extended comment if only because it is the product of a critic of Mr. Wilson's stature. The principal characters are the narrator, Anna, a simple Slavic girl, and Imogen, the sophisticated and beautiful wife of an advertising agent; and the time is the late twenties. The narrator suddenly decides he would like to go to bed with Imogen, and after many months succeeds; meanwhile he has been sleeping with Anna, a lowly proletarian, who has a daughter and a worthless husband, and earns a living chiefly as a waitress. Finally, Anna decides to marry a Pole — and the narrator suddenly sees that Imogen's life is full of "infantile fairy tales," but that Anna "had given me that life of the people which had before been but prices and wages, legislation and technical progress. . . ." The love scenes, which sprawl over dozens of pages, are almost incredibly uninteresting and immature. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in making sex a pretty dreary business. His tale, at bottom, is little better than a commonplace pulp yarn; the only difference is that the writing in Mr. Wilson's story is much inferior.

THE HUCKSTERS, by Frederic Wakeman. \$2.50. *Rinehart*. A fast-paced novel of the radio-advertising business, and of Beautee Soap in particular. Victory Norman, broke, and having resigned from OWI, takes a suite at the Waldorf and after buying a thirty-five dollar tie lands a \$35,000 job as account executive for Evan Llewellyn Evans, specialists in soap advertising. The job has broken many a man before him but Norman is up to it until he finally finds "true love" on the train to southern California. Eventually he reforms to such an extent that he renounces both the advertising business and his love (because she is married). There are some very funny scenes in the book, but it all moves on a superficial and romantic plane.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, by Helen Douglas Irvine. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. An amiable novelette of an ill-starred romance in Victorian Scotland between a girl who had too much heart and a boy who had none at all. Miss Irvine deals in the hallowed materials of melodrama — the beauteous damsel, the scheming relation, the

splendid ball, the mid-century decor — yet she handles them gently and unpretentiously. A very modest little tale, more like an echo than a living story, but executed well.

RED CANVAS, by Marcel Wallenstein. \$2.75. *Creative Age*. An unpretentious love story of a man, his rotten wife and his patient good angel, with a bout of front line fighting and a tour of Paris in the throes of liberation thrown in for full measure. The stress is on sex, heavy drinking, and slick chatter. Except for an occasional moralizing lapse, Mr. Wallenstein keeps a fast pace.

IN OUR TOWN, by Damon Runyon. \$2.00. *Creative Age*. Twenty-seven vignettes of characters, ranging from the 250-pound man beaten to death by his wife (sixty pounds with her hat off) after fifteen years of abuse, to the meanest man in town and the lady who had five husbands. The tales are sentimental and sardonic, and make up an evening's amusement. There are charming illustrations by Garth Williams.

THE BITTER BOX, by Eleanor Clark. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. The most fantastic things happen in this book, quite inexplicably, but the charm of Miss Clark's prose almost compels belief. The machine-like Mr. Temple, archetype of all bank tellers, has an awakening one day and wanders off into the spring. He falls in with a gang of unlovely revolutionists, joins their party, plays hide-and-go-seek with its hired assassins, acquires a number of minor but completely uncharacteristic vices, and becomes a devout student of Marx. Then he sets out to bump off the second vice-president of his bank, and credulity reaches the breaking point. A bright and sophisticated book, with more symbolism than sense.

MISCELLANEOUS

SCIENCE YEAR BOOK OF 1946, ed. by J. D. Ratcliff. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. Mr. Ratcliff's annual volume, like its predecessor, is comprehensive, well-written, authoritative, and generally useful. Among his contributors are such reliables as George W. Gray, Roy Chapman Andrews, John O'Neill, and Waldemar Kaempffert — and the subjects covered are physics, chemistry, medicine, agriculture, aviation, and zoology.

THE OPEN FORUM

REV. EDWARD LODGE CURRAN AND JOHN ROY CARLSON

SIR: Alias Carlson's attack against me in the March issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* ["Hate-Mongers Among the Clergy"] can be met with one clear and explosively descriptive word. Here I intend, first, to indicate my creed of Americanism and, then, to touch upon some of the many lies which Alias Carlson wrote about me.

The following sentences contain my creed of Americanism:

I believe that all men should love God as their Father above all things.

I believe that all men should love one another as brothers.

I am against all persecutions and all persecutors everywhere.

I detest all forms of Fascism: the Brown Fascism of Hitler's Germany; the Black Fascism of Mussolini's Italy; and the Red Fascism of Stalin's Russia.

I believe that the first duty of the American government is towards American citizens.

I believe that the first loyalty of American citizenship is towards our American government.

I rejoice in the fact that all races and all creeds have lived together, in peace and amity, in the United States of America.

I denounce and repudiate anti-Christianity and anti-Semitism.

I believe in social justice for all races and all creeds and all colors in the United States of America and throughout the world.

I believe that the United States should peacefully cooperate with the rest of the world for world peace.

I believe that the United States should always continue its magnificent charities for the alleviation of the sufferings of the common people of every nation all over the world.

I love the federal Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the American way of life and all my fellow-citizens, without distinction of race or creed or color.

This is the Americanism in which I believe. This is what any sincere investigation of my written and spoken utterances will reveal. Alias Carlson quotes nothing I have said or written which proves his lying charges against me.

He refers to a pamphlet, which I wrote some eight or nine years ago, entitled *Spain in Arms*. This was a discussion of the issues involved in the Spanish Revolution. The pamphlet was objective in its contents and objective in its methods. Does Alias Carlson give his gasping readers any quotation from this booklet? He does not. Why does he not? That is the question which intelligent readers should ask themselves. Incidentally, as long as he referred to pamphlets, Alias Carlson should have mentioned the fact that one of the first Catholic pamphlets ever written in this country condemning the Nazi theory of race and denouncing Hitler's persecution of Jews and Christians was written by me and entitled *The Blood Myth*.

Evidently, Alias Carlson believes that his readers are so far removed from reason that they will accept his self-assumed infallibility in lieu of evidence. That's the Hitler method of calumny. He who makes a charge or an attack is bound, by all the rules of logic and ethics, to offer concrete and substantial proof. Alias Carlson's venomous pen-picture of me is devoid of logic and ethics.

The second practice indulged in by Smear Artists of the Carlson type is to veil attacks in innuendo. Thus Alias Carlson states that I am a "priest in charge of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, one of the most affluent in Brooklyn." The parishioners of St. Joseph's Parish are as good and fine and loyal and generous as any other group of Catholic parishioners throughout the world, but they are not affluent.

Alias Carlson goes on to say about me: "In 1940 and 1941 he left his clerical duties to embark on a nationwide tour of what amounted to sabotaging — in the name of Americanism — the passage of Lend-Lease, the Conscription Act, and other national defense measures." This is a whole network of Carlson lies. I have never left my clerical duties to engage on a nationwide tour at any time. Alias Carlson must be confusing me with Red Fascists and their Communistic fellow-travelers who opposed conscription and other "national defense measures," while Red Fascist Russia was still a military and political ally of Nazi Germany.

Again, Alias Carlson goes on about me: "He

organized the Anti-War Crusaders, pleading for a negotiated peace with Hitler and excoriating the Administration as 'Communist warmongers.' Here is another litter containing Carlson lies. I did organize the Anti-War Crusaders. Even President Roosevelt, in his famous Boston speech, during the presidential elections of 1940, assumed the role of an Anti-War Crusader.

Alias Carlson lies when he states that I pleaded for a negotiated peace with Hitler. We were not at war with Hitler when the Anti-War Crusaders were organized. How could anyone plead for a negotiated peace with a nation with which we were not at war? I did not plead for a negotiated peace with Hitler either before or after we got into the war. The Anti-War Crusaders were organized to keep the United States out of war, except in case of attack. They were not organized to negotiate peace with any nation. Poor Alias Carlson's mentality goes under cover from time to time.

The prize package in Alias Carlson's smear is contained in his statement that a Save America Rally meeting on November 29, 1945, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was "designed to spread Christian Front sentiment." Alias Carlson never mentioned that, at this meeting, Senator Langer of North Dakota was also a speaker. He never mentioned that Senator Langer and I called upon the United States government to act for the welfare of the United States and to keep the United States out of all future foreign wars. That was the purpose and tempo of the Save America Rally.

Alias Carlson's sole quotation from anything I have uttered is taken from my speech on that occasion. He quotes me as saying: "There should be meetings like this all over the country, small groups and large, planning, dreaming, working for the welfare of America — practicing orthodox Americanism, not internationalism."

Does Alias Carlson denounce the holding of meetings for the welfare of Americanism before internationalism? Does Alias Carlson put the welfare of any foreign nation or any combination of foreign nations before and above the welfare of America? If, in his mind, Americanism is second to internationalism, then he is a fit subject for investigation by the FBI and a fit subject to be deprived of his American citizenship and deported.

Alias Carlson quotes Archbishop Cushing of Boston with praise. I should like Alias Carlson to know that I have spoken in Boston with the ecclesiastical permission of Archbishop Cushing. In fact, wherever I speak, I do so with the ecclesiastical permission of the Bishop or Archbishop of the

diocese I am visiting. Evidently, Alias Carlson would like to appoint himself a one man Gestapo, in order to prevent Catholic Bishops and Archbishops from allowing a Catholic priest in good standing to speak in their dioceses.

As THE AMERICAN MERCURY has limited the length of my reply to Alias Carlson, I cannot discuss every lie he has uttered about me, or even go into greater details about the Carlson lies I have discussed. The significant fact is the failure of Alias Carlson to give any proof from my spoken or written utterances to substantiate his calumnies about me.

Enough has been written to prove that Alias Carlson has lied, shamefully and shamelessly, about me. In his remarks about me in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, Alias Carlson indicates that he is afflicted with one of the worst forms of totalitarian halitosis. Anyone afflicted with such halitosis should learn to keep his mouth shut, until he can exhale truth and justice and charity.

REV. EDWARD LODGE CURRAN,
President,

International Catholic Truth Society
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR: Father Curran is disappointed because I did not quote from his booklet, *Spain in Arms*. The Nazi news agency, *World Service*, quoted it often and at great length and found it a convenient supplement to its own propaganda. In the booklet, Father Curran staunchly defends Franco and labels as Communists countless Spanish Catholics who rose against the Spanish führer. Nowhere in the booklet is there a condemnation of Fascism or Nazism.

Father Curran objects to my calling his church "affluent." These statistics were given to me on April 10 by Father William Bartley of St. Joseph's Church. The church has a parish of approximately 10,000 Catholics. It has a seating capacity of 2000, holds eight masses on Sunday, three masses a day on weekdays. It has four priests who perform about 300 baptisms and 300 marriages a year. There are novenas every Monday. Father Bartley observed that St. Joseph's was "larger than the average Roman Catholic Church." He estimated that each parishioner contributed ten cents at Sunday mass, which would automatically result in a take of \$1000 from that source alone. I estimate conservatively that the income from marriages, baptisms, gifts, and novenas amounts to at least another \$1000 or \$2000 per week. There are very few Protestant churches and comparatively few Roman churches which have a gross annual income of \$104,000.

I am informed that the average Protestant church has an annual income of less than \$15,000. So any church with an annual tax-free income of more than \$100,000 must be regarded as affluent, whether Father Curran likes the term or not.

Father Curran objects to my statement that he left his clerical duties in 1940 and 1941 and embarked on a national tour virtually to sabotage Lend-Lease and other national defense measures. The record shows that during that period Father Curran addressed numerous "peace meetings" throughout the nation. On October 20, 1940 he spoke in Springfield, Mass., under the auspices of Father Coughlin's "Friends of the Little Flower" on the topic, "Crusade for Peace." On October 24, 1940 he spoke at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on "Peace and Preparedness." On February 9, 1941 he spoke in Cincinnati on a similar topic. On June 22, 1941 he was in Dubuque, Iowa in a great mass "peace rally." His other appearances in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut are countless. He often spoke at America First Committee rallies. He spoke from church pulpits and public platforms denouncing Lend-Lease, the Conscription Act, and the President for initiating them. On February 11, 1941, Father Curran was quoted in the Brooklyn *Tablet* as saying before a peace rally at the Holy Name Society of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Richmond Hill:

The President's Lend-Lease Bill . . . is unconstitutional in its entirety and in its parts . . . because it is a dictatorial and unwarranted demand by the President that the Congress of the United States abdicate its law-making, treaty-making and money-disbursing power in the field of national defense and hand over such powers to the President for the defense of any foreign nations.

He was quoted in the *Tablet* on May 3, 1941 as declaring:

. . . The War Party in Washington is jittery. The vast majority of all American citizens are for peace . . . [The National Poll for Peace] is a challenge to the war-minded statesmen and the war-mongering propagandists who for the sake of gold and power would sacrifice the blood of American citizens even as they are attempting to mortgage our American nation unto bankruptcy.

Father Curran admits organizing the Anti-War Crusaders and takes the position that the President himself was anti-war. Certainly he was, but the President did not side with the America First Committee, William Dudley Pelley, or Gerald Smith, all of whom were also "anti-war."

Father Curran points to the "prize package" of my alleged "smear" — the "Save America Rally" in Brooklyn. He takes pride in the fact that he spoke on the same platform with Senator William Langer of North Dakota, one of the isolationists' favorite orators who collaborated with Rev. Arthur Terminiello, suspended from the priesthood for his political activities. I don't think I have to say more on this point. I want to make it absolutely clear here that my interest is not in Father Curran the priest, but in Curran the politician.

And as for the general tone of Father Curran's communication, the name-calling and all, I leave that to the prayerful consideration of the decent men and women of his parish.

JOHN ROY CARLSON

NEW YORK'S JUVENILE GANGS

SIR: I enjoyed Bradford Chamber's article, "The Juvenile Gangs of New York," in the April *MERCURY*. The story of the habits and fight technique of these gangs is well told and true.

It is generally known to those in touch with the situation that the police and the courts struggle with the problem without the working tools necessary to meet it adequately. More police, more probation and court officers, and more detention and commitment facilities have been needed for a long time. The responsibility here rests with the city and with the state.

Mr. Chambers points out that twelve youths were killed in our city last year as a result of gang wars. Only a few weeks ago a gang boy was shot to death with a stolen detective's revolver. The records of our court show that this youngster was released a year ago — "paroled to his parent or parents" as the expression goes — because there was no place in the state training school for him. He would be alive today if there had been a training school to receive him.

In the article, basic causes, "most obvious," are given as unemployment, racial discrimination, and slums. And many more might be added, perhaps led off by home conditions. Nasty as they are, cases involving race discrimination are not voluminous in the children's courts of this city.

Mr. Chambers suggests working with the gangs as accepted groups in their own haunts. The haunts are listed as street corners, candy stores, poolrooms, tenement hallways or deserted buildings. Another approach, possibly more direct, would be to work with the individual gang members through their homes, school and churches. The gang is no better or no worse than the majority of its members.

In *Children's Bureau Publication 300, U. S. Department of Labor*, issued September 4, 1943 through Miss Katharine F. Lenroot, Chief, this statement appears: "Just as there is no one cause of delinquency, so there is no one method of prevention. The causative factors, as we have seen, are multiple and complex and our attack must likewise be many-sided."

The federal government, and the state of New York at the behest of Governor Dewey have offered financial support to local committees adopting a program of coordinated services for child welfare.

THEODORE STITT

Justice, Domestic Relations Court

New York City.

FAILINGS OF THE CLERGY

SIR: Dean Sperry's jeremiad in the April AMERICAN MERCURY, "What's Wrong With the Clergy?" provokes an amazed "What's wrong with Dean Sperry?" His appraisal of the modern ministry is a wistful call for the return of horse-and-buggy days.

No Channings, Parkers, Brookses? Dean Sperry years for pulpit orators of a genteel New England past in a day when this just isn't "the ministry." He pleads for more years of classic seminary education — but grants that such intellectual advantage has no necessary relation to the leadership he looks for. He laments that men entering the ministry are less able than those in other professional fields — but the only statistics available show that tested ability and personality in first-class Protestant seminaries is at least the equal of that in other graduate schools at the same level. He guesses that men fear ordination may cost them their intellectual freedom — but youth today actually demands more confessional definiteness and authority than for generations. Finally, he finds ministers distracted by their constant activity in community betterment — but this is the job which, to all but the cloistered scholar or hot revivalist, is the very genius of the modern clergyman as servant of society.

Granted, there should be more keen, convinced young men entering the ministry. The chief reason they aren't is that the cool rationalism of much church leadership does not demonstrate anything young men are willing to give their lives for. The ablest who do decide for this vocation are today usually attracted by dynamic forces which are seemingly quite strange to the good Dean: the recent Confessional movement in theology, the impact of World Church, the unprecedented church programs of social service and

evangelism, food shipments abroad, campus Christian missions, church political action, youth movements, parish and community educational programs, interracial and inter-cultural pioneering. Dean Sperry apparently knows little of the main stream of church life and thought today, partly because the tradition he shares is largely not a part of that central movement.

The force which most attracts young men to the Christian ministry these days is a fiery conviction they discover among thousands of effective Protestant ministers — the very antithesis of the bland defeatism which this article displays. Dean Sperry must assuredly does not speak for the Church in America. His view is geographically provincial, and theologically an anachronism.

JOHN OLIVER NELSON

Director, Commission on the Ministry

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Nelson is hardly fair to my recent article in your April issue. I was trying to answer one question, and one only: why there are not more first rate preachers in our American Protestant churches. I was not attempting to exhaust the subject of the ministry in its other functions.

Despite Mr. Nelson's criticism of my article, the question — which had been proposed to me by a serious observer of the facts — is a real rather than a rhetorical question.

As a matter of fact, in the manuscript as originally submitted, I had a paragraph stating that many young men going into the ministry today had no desire to become "great" preachers, even if they could, because they were more interested in those aspects of the ministry upon which Mr. Nelson lays stress. This paragraph was deleted by the editor, as being beside the mark for the immediate purposes of the paper.

It has always been traditionally held that the Protestant ministry is primarily a "ministry of the Word." It will be an unfortunate thing for American Protestantism if the Federal Council of Churches were to subordinate that office to the "serving of tables." The identification of good preaching with "horse and buggy days" is rather disquieting.

I have always thought — perhaps I am mistaken — that much of the genius and the glory of Protestantism has derived from its willingness to allow candid acts of self-criticism. If we can no longer afford such acts, that fact is a sign of a lack of strength and a proper self-confidence.

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(Continued from page 763)

As for Mr. Nelson's pointed, personal comments upon myself, my tradition (for my father before me was also a New England Congregational minister), and my present position — all that Mr. Nelson has to say seems to me rather lacking in common courtesy and Christian charity.

WILLARD L. SPERRY

Cambridge, Mass.

THE BETRAYAL OF POLAND

SIR: There was a time when the average American could have taken Raymond Leslie Buell's article, "The Betrayal of Poland," in your March issue, for granted, without getting vociferous about it. That time is past. Now the citizen who still believes in democracy, in the dignity of man and in freedom of thought and conscience has to say so — and say it loud and often. Otherwise his silence will be taken as a sign of approval of the flood of bolshevism that has already drowned the Four Freedoms in half of Europe. . . .

Fortunately, owing to publications like yours, and to people like Buell, Chamberlin, Sue Cardwell and others, America is waking up to her danger. The people of America are also beginning to realize how shamefully her leaders have dealt with Poland, and that there is neither honor nor profit for a nation in betraying a worthy ally, be it Poland or China. Today we are learning that the boundaries of our own security lie in Europe, and that unless we are willing to stop the foe of the smaller nations, we will face the same foe ourselves — and we will face her alone.

LOUIS CHAYKA

Detroit, Mich.

CHIEF JUSTICE STONE

SIR: Walton Hamilton in his article, "Chief Justice Stone," in your March issue, writes: "A few years ago he joined Holmes in a protest against the denial of citizenship to a woman whose only offense was that she took the Sermon on the Mount seriously."

Mr. Hamilton speaks here of Rosika Schwimmer's citizenship case. In the dissenting opinion to which he refers, Justice Holmes was joined by Justices Brandeis and Sanford. Justice Stone, to the deep disappointment of all liberals, stood with the majority against freedom of conscience.

His attitude in that case is all the more puzzling because in two later cases bearing on the same issue, those of Douglas Clyde Macintosh and Marie Bland, he joined the dissenters (Hughes, Holmes and Brandeis).

EDITH WYNNER

New York City.

SIR: The only possible reply to the letter of Miss Edith Wynner is a plea of confusion and avoidance. In going over the final proofs I was so certain about Stone's stand that I did not check his vote in the Schwimmer case. The record is clear enough. He did not join in Holmes's dissent. As Miss Wynner insists, it is all the more remarkable because he joined in an equally strong dissent in the Macintosh case. Such inquiry as I have been able to make discreetly indicates that Stone had no serious quarrel with Holmes's opinion but was persuaded that Mrs. Schwimmer was not the kind of girl who deserved it. However that may be, his failure to join Holmes is quite out of line and I repeat that the stand of the Chief Justice on civil rights, while good, was not one of which Associate Justice Stone would have been overly proud.

WALTON H. HAMILTON

New Haven, Conn.

BOSTON NOCTURNE

SIR: My thanks to Mr. Stewart H. Holbrook and to the March *MERCURY* for an undeformed and undisturbed piece of writing: "Boston Nocturne."

I could hardly believe my eyes but there it was. In this smut-ridden, concentrated hot-bed of an age, a writer writes simply of an unexciting subject — a "tiny piece of ground" known as Louisburg Square in Boston. And in the whole of that piece there was not a word, a line which would cause the reader to "laugh on the wrong side of the face."

Personally, I have a close feeling for "Boston Nocturne." Not because of Boston generally or Louisburg Square particularly, although both are splendid subjects; but "Boston Nocturne" definitely probates my argument that we fail every day to see the beauty in front of our very eyes.

While there is no similarity between Louisburg Square in Boston and Montgomery Street in San Francisco, I feel about my street as Stewart Holbrook does about his square. Mr. Holbrook likes "best to walk it on a night in autumn." I like best to see Montgomery Street on a foggy Sunday evening. Ordinarily, there is little or no traffic, either vehicle or pedestrian, on Sunday after dark. Standing looking north, this street resembles the aisle of a great cathedral. The wind and the fog never fail to do their Sunday cleaning in a good, sexton-like manner. The pews are there too. They are the buildings which man enters on weekdays.

Smug Louisburg Square or opulent Montgomery Street, makes no difference after all since it is all in the way you look . . .

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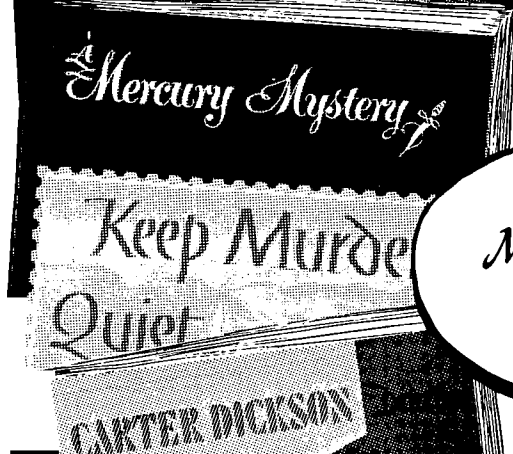
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